THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON. FRONTISPIECE. *See page* 128.

The Child's Book of American History

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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PREFACE

This book is a supplementary history intended for use in the fourth and fifth grades of our public schools, or for boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age. It is also designed as a collateral reading book in connection with the study of one or more of the many elementary textbooks on American history.

The authors have described in some detail a few of the more dramatic and picturesque events in the history of our country from the earliest times to the present day. The story form has been freely used because teachers of experience know that such material has the unmistakable mark of reality and that it is instinct with "the magic of life."

As in the other books of this series of historical readers, the authors have freely used

such personal anecdotes and incidents as may serve to hold the attention because of their human interest. These stories, carefully culled and rewritten from standard books and authors, rest on a substantial historical basis.

It is not enough merely to read this book as we read the ordinary story-book, and then throw it aside. It should serve as one of the smaller foundation stones on which young pupils may build in due time a more extended and formal course in American history. To this intent, the study of this book should be enriched with such other historical material as teachers may advise their pupils to utilize from the school, home, or public library.

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL.
FRANCIS K. BALL.

August, 1913.

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THE CHILD'S BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY

I

COLUMBUS, THE WOOL COMBER'S BOY

MORE than four hundred years ago there lived in a large city in Italy a boy named Christopher Columbus. His father was a wool comber, and lived in a narrow street close to the sea. The lad worked with his father, but he did not wish to be a wool comber. He wanted to be a sailor. Every chance he got he would sit on the wharf and watch the big ships sailing away to other lands. He liked to listen to the stories the sailors told him of what they had seen and done in far-off countries. No wonder, then, that as the boy grew older, he

longed more than ever to be a sailor and go to sea.

"Some day," he told his playmates, "I will go to sea and sail to strange lands."

"If you are really to be a sailor, my boy," said his kind father, "you must be a good sailor. You must go to school and learn about the winds and the tides, and how to steer a vessel by the stars."

The lad went to school. He studied long and hard, and his father and his teachers were soon proud of him.

When Christopher got older, he was permitted to go to sea. He became captain of a small vessel, and sailed far and wide. After a time he became famous and sailed farther than anybody had been before. We must remember that in those days sailors did not dare to go far from land. The Atlantic Ocean was called the Sea of Darkness. Monsters big enough to swallow ships were said to live there. Even wise men of that time did not know that the earth was round. They thought

it was flat, and believed if anybody went far enough he would come to the edge and fall off.

Now Columbus was one of the few men of that time who did not believe these stories. He felt sure that the earth was round. He believed that by sailing west across the Sea of Darkness he should reach India, a land rich in gold, silks, spices, and precious stones. At last he made up his mind to try and find this new way to the East.

But Columbus was a poor man. He had no ships and no money. He asked some rich men to help him. They only laughed at him. They even said he was crazy. He went from one country to another in search of help. He told his plan to kings. And at last, after eighteen long years of travel from court to court, after eighteen long years of patient toil, he found favor with Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Spain.

"I will fit out some vessels for you," said the queen; "I will even sell my jewels, if I must, to get money enough."

Columbus finally received three small ships, manned with ninety sailors. With these vessels, no larger than some of the fishing-smacks of our day, that fearless man bade good-by to the land and set sail on the most daring of voyages across the unknown ocean. Other brave men had sailed far away along distant coasts. But Columbus was the first that went forth to learn what lay beyond the trackless sea. For many, many long and anxious days they sailed. No wonder the men became afraid, and wanted to turn back. But Columbus would not listen.

"Sail on, sail on," he begged them; and when they got unruly, he threatened, and coaxed, and bribed them, to get them to obey.

"He is indeed crazy," they began to say to one another; "let us throw the poor fellow overboard; we will say that he fell into the ocean while watching the stars."

But one day, when they had been sailing for more than a month, a bird came and

lighted on one of the vessels. Soon afterward flocks of birds were seen. A branch of a tree with berries on it floated on the waves. The next night a sailor on watch saw far away a light, which seemed to rise and fall.

"I believe there is land not far away," said Columbus, who paced the deck of his little vessel all night long.

A sailor climbed into the rigging.

"Land! Land!" he cried joyfully.

In the dim light of the cool morning the long-looked-for land could be seen. The vessels cast their anchors, and all waited anxiously for the day. At sunrise a lovely island lay before them. This was on the morning of October 12, 1492.

How full of joy Columbus and all his men were! They rowed ashore. They fell on their knees and kissed the ground. Columbus wore a red robe. He solemnly planted the cross and took the land in the name of the king and queen. Strange men with copper-colored skin and long straight black hair

came down to the shore. These red men thought Columbus and his companions had dropped from the sky. And they called the vessels big white birds.

The place where Columbus first landed was one of the cluster of islands called the Bahamas. Columbus believed that he had reached India, and so he called the red men Indians. He had sailed west to reach India; instead of finding India he had found a new world; he had discovered America.

After a time Columbus returned to Spain. With what shouts and cheers the people greeted the great sailor and his men when his little vessels came sailing into the harbor! It was a wonderful story that Columbus had to tell the king and queen and the Spanish court. The people were much excited when they saw the red men, the strange animals and plants, and many other curious things from the new world.

Columbus made several more trips across the Atlantic, but he did not dream that he

had discovered a new world. He died in the belief that he had found a group of islands near India. In reality he had opened the way across the Sea of Darkness. It was now easy for others to follow.

II

JOHN CABOT, THE MERCHANT

WHEN Columbus was becoming famous as a sailor, there lived in England an Italian by the name of John Cabot. He was a sea captain too, and a merchant; and he had traveled in remote lands. One day when he was looking about the streets of a city in Arabia, he saw camels coming into town. They were carrying loads of rich spices.

"Where do those spices come from?" he asked one of the drivers.

"From a land far to the east."

Now Cabot thought that if he sailed west far enough he might reach the land from which the spices came. Then the news of what Columbus had done reached England.

Shortly after this Cabot came home from a voyage. He asked King Henry of England to fit out a vessel for him. The king said he would do so.

Five years after Columbus made his first voyage, Cabot sailed across the Atlantic to find a new way to India and China. He did not find what he went after. But he found what was of still more importance. He found the mainland of North America.

This was in the year 1497. Cabot probably reached the coast of Labrador. He landed and took possession of the country in the name of King Henry of England. He then sailed along the bare and desolate shore for nearly a thousand miles, but came upon no such lovely spot as Columbus had done on his first voyage. Soon afterward he sailed back to England and told King Henry that he had found the coast of China. The king was greatly pleased and gave him a large sum of money.

Cabot was now a famous man. He was

called the Great Admiral. He dressed in fine silks of bright colors, like the other great men of his time. So fine did he look that a crowd used to run after him when he walked about the streets of London.

"This is all very well," said King Henry, "but where are the spices and precious stones that you were to bring home, sir captain? You had better make another voyage and see what you can find."

So once more Cabot set out. This time he sailed south along our coast as far as Cape Cod. He planted the flag of England on our shore and took possession of the land.

Nothing more is known about this daring sailor. It is believed that he died and was buried at sea. His son Sebastian, who sailed with him on his second voyage, lived for sixty years after this. He became one of the greatest sea-captains of his time.

Like so many other sailors of those days, the Cabots told strange stories of what they had seen across the ocean. They said the

sea was so full of fish that their vessels had hard work to sail along some parts of the coast. And they declared the bears were hungry enough to swim out to sea and catch codfish in their claws.

The Cabots did not bring back gold or spices. They saw only thick woods, wild animals, and a few savages dressed in skins.

King Henry and the English people did not care for these things; and so it was many years before anybody thought of coming to our coast to live. But we must remember that the discoveries of John Cabot gave England the right to claim the larger part of North America as her own.

III

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

THERE lived in the days of Columbus an old Spanish nobleman by the name of Ponce de León. He had fought long and hard for his king. He had sailed with Columbus on his second voyage across the Sea of Darkness. As a favor the Spanish king had made him governor of Porto Rico. The old Spanish knight set sail for this island with eight vessels and several hundred soldiers. He laid out the city now called San Juan. He built a fine house for himself and called it the White Castle. Although Ponce de León was now a rich man, he was still greedy. He had been told that the island was rich in gold and precious stones. But there was nothing of either to be found.

So the poor old fellow vented his spite on the kind and gentle natives. He had hundreds of them killed, and many others he hunted in the woods like wild beasts. He robbed the Indians of what they had, and enslaved as many as he could. Then he was not allowed to be governor any longer. He was unhappy and wanted to go in search of a new country.

For many years a strange story had been going round among the natives of the new world. It was a tale about a lovely island far away to the north. On this island there was said to be a spring of healing water, the most wonderful in all the world. "Bimini" was the queer name the natives gave to this island, of which they were never tired of talking.

One day when the old Spaniard sat in his White Castle looking out on the sea, he overheard some of his slaves speaking of this magic spot.

"I tell you," said one, "nobody ever grows old in Bimini."

"Why not?"

"Because there is the fountain of youth. If you drink of its waters, you never can grow old; you will always keep young."

The old governor pricked up his ears. A drink from such a fountain was just what he needed. He was old, feeble, and unhappy. Oh that he might never die! If he could only become young again, what brave deeds he would do! How hard he would fight again for his king! What glory and gold he would win for himself in this new world!

He sent for the slave.

"You were speaking of Bimini. What of Bimini? Where is Bimini?" he asked.

"An island, master, far away to the north. It is more than five days' sail."

"Come, tell me all about it. Have you ever been there?"

"No, master, it is too far away for us to go in our canoes. But we have heard about it all our lives."

The poor slave then told what he had heard about the magical fountain. The old governor called other slaves and asked them. They all told the same story. The island lay far to the north. It was a land of lovely flowers, with this most wonderful spring of clear water. The good ships of the white men could sail there in a few days.

Ponce de León decided to go in search of the magical fountain of youth. He fitted out three vessels and sailed away toward the northwest. When the little fleet sailed past the tiny island where Columbus had first landed, the old governor shouted to the natives along the shore.

"Bimini! Where is Bimini?"

The Indians pointed to the northwest. Nobody had ever seen the island, but all had heard of it.

One lovely morning Ponce de León came in sight of a strange coast. The day was Easter Sunday, which in Spain is known as the Feast of Flowers. The land was covered

with beautiful flowers. The natives were gentle and friendly.

"Is this Bimini?" cried the governor. "Is this the land of the magical spring?"

Nobody could understand.

At all events, because it was Easter, and there was an abundance of flowers, Ponce de León called the land Florida.

Up and down the coast the old Spaniard sailed in search of the fountain of youth. Many and many springs of clear, cool water were found in this land of flowers. As the story goes, he drank from all; but his youth never came back. He bathed in many gentle rivers; but he kept growing older.

At last he gave up the search and sailed back to Porto Rico.

Ten years went by. Once more Ponce de León sailed in search of the magical fountain. This time he was cruel to the natives. They in turn killed many of the Spaniards and drove the others back to their ships.

The old governor was mortally wounded by an arrow.

"Carry me back to Cuba," he said to his men; "I shall never find the wonderful fountain of youth."

Back to Cuba he was carried. After many days' suffering from his wound, the poor old man died. He died wishing that he might have found his lost youth.

IV

VIRGINIA DARE

WHEN the Cabots returned to England, they had neither gold nor spices. The English people soon lost interest in the New World; and for almost a hundred years they did not try to find out any more about it.

Now at the time of Queen Elizabeth lived the brave and noble Walter Raleigh. It was he who spread his red velvet cloak in the mud to keep Good Queen Bess, as she was called, from soiling her fine slippers. She received him at court, and gave him leave to plant an English nation in America.

So Sir Walter fitted out two vessels and sent them across the Atlantic. These ships sailed many miles along the coast of America

before they could find a safe harbor. At last they came to a quiet place where it seemed as if they were in a garden filled with all kinds of sweet-smelling flowers. This land of strange and beautiful birds, of vines which dipped their fragrant clusters into the surge of the ocean, was Roanoke Island, on the coast of what is now North Carolina.

Queen Elizabeth was pleased with what Sir Walter's vessels had done, and gave a name to the region.

"The goodly land shall be named Virginia, in honor of my maiden life."

The first two bands of settlers in Virginia dug for gold instead of planting corn. The homesick men nearly starved to death before a vessel came along to carry them back to England. Three years after this a third colony of men, with their wives and children, was sent out from England to make homes for themselves in this wonderful new land.

"It is a beautiful spot," said John White,

the leader of this colony, when the vessel drew near the coast and he caught sight of the trees and the grass.

On the day that they landed on Roanoke Island, the men, women, and children went to work. The men cut down trees and built log houses. They tilled the rich soil, and soon had fine fields of corn and potatoes. The women cooked, washed, and baked. The boys brought water from the springs, chopped wood, caught fish, picked berries, and climbed the trees after wild grapes.

One sunny morning in August, only a few weeks after the people had landed, the little village was astir with strange good news. In the log cabin of Eleanor Dare, the daughter of the governor, the first English child in America was born. It was a little girl.

" What shall we call this tiny pink stranger? What shall we name our baby? " asked the good people of one another; for they were all interested in the child.

THE BABY WAS BAPTIZED, WITH GRANDFATHER WHITE AS GODFATHER. *Page* 21.

"Let us call her Elizabeth, after our good queen," the men suggested.

"No," replied the women, "let us call her Virginia, after this lovely new land to which she has come."

"Yes, yes," cried they all, "call her Virginia."

"Indeed, she is our baby, the baby of the colony," added Grandfather White; "we will call her Virginia."

"Very well," the father and mother agreed; "let that be her name."

A few days afterwards, on a Sunday morning, the settlers, some sailors from the vessels, and a few Indians came to the cabin of Eleanor Dare. The baby was baptized, with Grandfather White as godfather. Thus the first white child born of English parents in America was christened Virginia Dare. And the little white-faced girl grew so sweet and gentle that the Indians called her the White Fawn.

By and by food began to fail the settlers.

"I will go back to England," said Governor White. "Take good care of yourselves and of Baby Virginia when I am away."

"We will, we will," cried the people from the shore as the ship sailed on its long voyage.

England was at war with Spain when the governor reached his old home. No vessel could be spared to carry him back. For four long years the good man waited. At last a ship was given him, and he started for Virginia.

One day the vessel came sailing into the harbor at Roanoke. Nobody came to the shore to meet it. The log houses were in ashes. The people were gone. There was nothing but ruins and silence to greet the broken-hearted grandfather.

He searched for the colony far and near.

"Did my people not wish to live with you?" he asked the Indians.

The red men could tell him nothing.

At last, crushed with sorrow, Governor

White returned to England, where he died soon after, of a broken heart.

Do you ask what became of Virginia Dare?

Some think that the White Fawn grew up and became an Indian princess. If the Indians knew, they never told.

V

JOHN SMITH, FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA

THE life of John Smith, founder of Virginia, is as interesting and thrilling as a story. When he was a boy, in England, he learned a trade, but ran away. Like so many other runaway boys, he found the world a hard place. He went to sea, but was shipwrecked. On another occasion he was thrown overboard, but swam ashore. He was once robbed of his money, and had to beg to get back home.

Not long after, he became a soldier and fought against the Turks. One day a Turkish officer said he would fight any Christian single-handed, to amuse the ladies. Young Smith took the man at his word. He killed the Turk and cut off his head. In another

fight he once killed three Turks. He was so proud of his deed, he tells us, that he had a picture of the men put on his flag.

At last he was captured by the Turks, and sold as a slave. His owner was cruel and put an iron collar round his neck. He then set his prisoner to work threshing wheat, and in a fit of anger hit him over the head with the flail. The young Englishman killed his master, took a bag of wheat for food, jumped on a horse, and rode for his life into the forest.

After many hardships the young fellow got out of the country and reached his home in England. We may be sure that our hero found life at home pretty dull after his many narrow escapes and wonderful adventures in foreign countries.

At this time there was a good deal of talk in England about sending out a colony to settle Virginia. The restless and daring John Smith liked the idea. No better place for brave deeds and strange adventures could be found than in the wilds of the New World.

He joined the company which was being formed, and set sail for America. On reaching the coast of Virginia, the little fleet of three vessels sailed up a river. They named it the James River, after King James of England. On its banks they found a pleasant place to build their log cabins, and called it Jamestown. Thus was laid, in the year 1607, the foundation of the first permanent settlement of English people in the New World.

At first the settlers had a hard time of it. They knew nothing about work. They were not used to laboring in the fields. They called themselves gentlemen. What did they care about cutting down trees and planting corn? They expected to pick up gold along the banks of the rivers.

When the food they brought from England was gone, they came near starving. Many fell sick and died from lack of something to eat and proper shelter. Indeed, it is hard to see how the little settlement could have lived

if it had not been for John Smith. He made the idle get to work.

"If you don't work," he said, "you shall not eat."

He showed the men how to cut down trees and build log huts. He sailed along the coast and made a map of it. With a few men he went on trips up the rivers and traded with the Indians. If the red men were ugly and would not trade, he won their good will by giving them hatchets and colored beads. Many of the settlers grew tired of the hardships and begged to go back to England, but he coaxed them to stay.

At first the Indians were glad to see Captain Smith and the pale-faced strangers. They treated them kindly and traded their corn for beads and trinkets. But pretty soon they began to think that the Englishmen wanted to rob them of their lands. So at last they would not give or sell their corn to the Jamestown settlement.

Now Smith was shrewd as well as fearless.

When his people were short of corn, he would set sail up the river in a small boat and go boldly among the savages. Before he came back, he would be sure to trade some little mirrors, blue beads, and trinkets for corn. Even if the Indians did not care to trade, he would in some way come back to the settlement with a boatload of food.

On one of these trips, when he had others with him, the Indians attacked them and killed all of his men. He grabbed a redskin, and by holding him as a shield shot three of the savages. The place was swampy, however, and he could not get away. He was easily captured. But he was quick-witted. He took out his pocket compass and began to amuse the savages by telling them about its use. The Indians were sure that he belonged to another world, and did not dare to kill him.

On another trip a young Indian was taken sick. Captain Smith, with a great show, wrote a few words on a piece of birch bark.

"Let some brave take this to Jamestown, and my people will give him some medicine to make this boy well."

Back came the Indian with the medicine. This was too much for them. They were afraid to do harm to a man who could make a piece of bark talk.

It would fill a book much larger than this to tell you about the fearless deeds and narrow escapes of Captain John Smith. It is for us to remember that he was the founder of the first permanent English colony in the New World. Without his wise leadership the settlement of Jamestown would never have lived; and this band of pioneers laid the first foundation stone of our nation.

VI

POCAHONTAS, THE INDIAN PRINCESS

DURING his last days John Smith wrote a book of his adventures in the New World. Some people say that much of this is not true. They even doubt the story in which he describes how his life was saved by the Indian girl Pocahontas. But for all that, the story is worth telling.

One day Smith was tramping through the woods with some of his men, in search of corn. All of a sudden an arrow whizzed by his head. The war whoop of the Indians followed, and the woods seemed full of savages. His friends were killed, but he escaped into a swamp, where he sank up to his waist. It was of no use to fight longer. He was made

a prisoner. With hands tied behind him, he was carried a captive from one village to another. The Indians did not dare to kill him. They knew too well that the palefaces had guns which made a noise like thunder.

After a time the Indians led their prisoner to their chief. His name was Powhatan. He sat on a rude kind of throne, covered with skins of wild beasts. His face and arms were painted red. About his neck was a string of small shells from the seashore. In his hair were feathers of many bright colors. A tomahawk lay at his side. Gathered round him were warriors dressed in blankets.

Now this great chief felt friendly toward his captive, for Captain Smith had once given him a tin washbasin, a red cloak, a brass ring, and a jackknife. These gifts, however, had made the savage chief so proud that for a long time he would not sell his corn to the settlers at Jamestown. At another time Captain Smith had given him some blue beads, and told him that such were worn

only by great kings. This so pleased King Powhatan that he traded a boatload of corn for a pound of them.

Now Powhatan had a daughter, a little girl ten or twelve years old. Her father called her Pocahontas. Captain Smith grew fond of the little Indian princess. He made her some pretty toys, which won her heart.

Finally the Indians decided to put the white chief to death. As the story goes, Pocahontas cried bitterly when she heard that her father was going to take the life of her friend.

A few days afterward, Captain Smith was brought before Powhatan and his braves. A big stone was brought and laid on the ground in the chief's wigwam. Powhatan again sat on his throne of furs, and his warriors stood round in a circle. They looked fierce in their war paint. They were eager for the white man's death. The prisoner's arms were tied behind him. His head was laid on the stone. An Indian brave stood

ready with his war club. The club was raised to strike. A scream was heard, and in rushed Pocahontas and threw herself on the captive.

"Kill me," she cried, "kill me, but you shall not kill him."

The Indian did not dare to strike. He would have killed his chief's beloved daughter. The heart of the Indian chief was touched. Of all his children, he loved her best.

"Let him live," said Powhatan; "he shall make toys and string beads for my daughter."

After a time he made a treaty with the English, and sent Captain Smith back to his friends at Jamestown.

The settlers used to call Pocahontas "the dearest daughter of the king." In after years she often came to the help of the English. One winter, when they were nearly starving, she brought them baskets of corn and deer meat.

At another time she ran from home in the night and warned them of danger.

"My father means to attack the settlement to-morrow night," she said, and hurried away.

The next day Captain Smith sent a message to Powhatan: "Come whenever you please; we are ready for you."

When the princess grew up and became a young woman of eighteen, an English settler named Rolfe fell in love with her. Pocahontas was baptized, and took the name of Rebecca. One day the little log church at Jamestown was prettily trimmed with wild flowers. This was the wedding day of Pocahontas and John Rolfe. The happy man took his fair bride to England. She was treated as a young princess. The king and queen of England sent for her and gave her presents. The people gathered in crowds to see the fair Indian girl. They had heard of her brave deed in saving the life of Captain Smith. She was petted by men and women of high rank.

"She carries herself as the daughter of a king," said one of the great men.

All this was not good for the health of the princess. She grew tired and pale. She was homesick. She often wished she were once more in her father's wigwam, amid the noble woods and lovely flowers of her old home. She grew sick and died just as she was about to go back to Virginia. She was only twenty-two years old.

"Lady Rebecca," as the princess was called in England, left a little baby boy. He went back to Virginia and grew up to become well known in that state. Many people in that part of the country are now proud to claim relationship to the son of Pocahontas, the Indian princess.

VII

THE STORY OF THE MAYFLOWER

NEARLY three hundred years ago the little vessel called the " Mayflower " crossed the Atlantic in midwinter and reached the coast of Massachusetts. The people in this ship were the Pilgrims. Their homes had been in England. The English king did not treat them kindly; for he would not let them worship God as they wished. So they left their own land and went to Holland, where they lived about twelve years.

Now we must know that the people of Holland speak Dutch. Soon the children of the Pilgrims were speaking the strange language. They were also learning Dutch ways and manners of living. All this did not please these sturdy English people.

After a time they began to talk about the new land in far-away America.

"Let us go to the New World," they said, "and there make a new home for ourselves. Surely there we can worship God in our own simple way. Besides, we can bring up our children to speak our own language."

So some of the Pilgrims hired a vessel and left Holland. They went to England first. Some friends joined them. Leaving behind the sick and feeble, about one hundred Pilgrims set sail. For sixty-three long days the frail little vessel was tossed about on the stormy ocean. At last it reached land and came to anchor in the harbor of Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod.

Here the Mayflower remained at anchor for nearly a month.

During the first week in December, eighteen of the men, led by Captain Miles Standish, put off in a sailboat for a trip along the coast. At last they found the spot for which they were looking. This place is now Plym-

outh. The men said it was "a lovely spot with corn fields and running brooks." Not far from the shore was a large spring of pure cold water.

"We have found our home at last," said Captain Standish; "let us go back and tell the good news."

It was on Saturday, a few days before Christmas, that the good ship Mayflower came to anchor off the Plymouth shore. A young girl named Mary Chilton, we are told, was allowed to go ashore with the first party that left the vessel. As the story runs, she "jumped from the boat to a large rock that lay half buried in the sand."

If you ever go to Plymouth, you will wish to climb upon the big rock which rests under the canopy, close to the shore. This is the famous Plymouth Rock on which the young Pilgrim girl is said to have stepped. It is sometimes called "the stepping stone of New England." The date of the landing of the Pilgrims was December 21, 1620. It is

now known as Forefathers' Day, and is celebrated every year.

The men went ashore when the weather permitted, and began to build log houses. The women and children lived on board the Mayflower until the rude cabins were ready for use. What a hard time they had that first winter! The winter was long and cold. The rain, snow, and sleet often put an end to all work. The men were made sick from exposure and lack of food. The children were frost-bitten. Before spring came, one half of the entire colony had died of cold, hunger, and exposure. When they were buried, the ground was smoothed over their graves, for fear the Indians would find out how many had died.

At one time there were only seven people in the whole settlement able to wait on the sick and bury the dead. Captain Standish was brave as a lion, but tender-hearted as a child. He nursed the sick, cooked the food, and washed the clothing.

Now Captain Miles was not really a Pilgrim. He was a soldier. He came along with the Pilgrims to show them how to fight the Indians. He was the right man in the right place. He soon became the most useful man in the colony. The savages soon learned to fear him. Some of them called him Boiling Water, because he was easily made angry. Others called him Captain Shrimp, on account of his being so little.

At last the long, sad winter came to an end. Bright and early came the spring that year. Governor Bradford tells us in his Journal that on the third day of March the grass was green and the birds were sweetly singing in the trees. One day two young girls, Elizabeth Tilley and Mary Allerton, came home from a walk in the woods. Their hands were filled with rose-tinted flowers they had picked by the edge of a snowbank.

"God be praised! behold our Mayflowers here!" said good Elder Brewster.

Ever since that day the boys and girls, in

the early spring, have picked Mayflowers in the Plymouth woods.

One morning in the middle of April the good ship Mayflower was ready to sail back to England. With sad faces the men and women stood on Burial Hill and said farewell to the little vessel which had been so long their only home. But not one of them wanted to give up and go back. Here they had come to stay, and stay they did.

"It is not with us," said Elder Brewster, "as with men whom small things can discourage."

They had crossed the ocean and made homes for themselves where they could live in peace and worship God as they pleased.

Thus this little handful of brave and God-fearing men and women on the Plymouth shore began one of the earliest settlements in the history of our country.

VIII

THANKSGIVING AT PLYMOUTH

ONE day in early spring, when the Pilgrims were hard at work, an Indian, tall and straight as an arrow, walked into the little village of Plymouth. As he tramped along the street, he cried, "Welcome, English! Welcome, English!" The name of the Indian was Samoset. He had picked up a few English words from fishermen along the coast of Maine.

The Pilgrims were glad to see this friendly savage. They gave him some butter, cheese, and pudding, and let him stay over night in one of the log houses. The next day they gave him a jackknife, a bracelet, and a ring, and sent him back to his home in the woods.

In a few days Samoset came again and

brought another Indian with him, named Squanto, who could speak English better.

Well, Squanto came and lived with the Pilgrims. He taught them how to do many useful things. He showed them how to catch the little fishes called alewives and put them in the hills of corn to make it grow faster. The Pilgrims had been fortunate enough to find corn buried in the sand hills of Cape Cod, and they had saved it for seed. It has been well said that if it had not been for this corn and the help of Squanto, the colony would probably have starved to death during the first year at Plymouth.

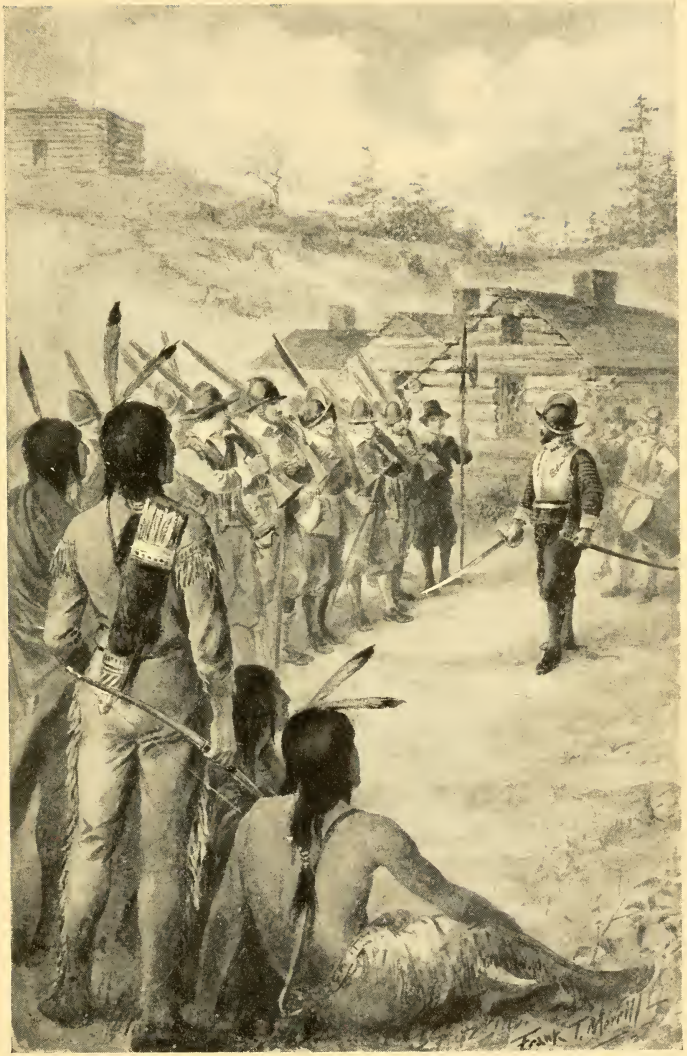
The first summer was warm. There was a good deal of rain, and much sunshine. Everybody worked hard, and in the autumn there was a fine crop of corn. The people were happy because they were sure of food for the next winter.

"God has been good to us," said the women; "let us thank him for all these blessings."

"True," said Elder Brewster; "let us take one day in which to thank God for all these things. Let us ask our Indian friends, who have been so kind to us, to share this day of thanksgiving with us."

One day did not seem long enough. So they planned to take a whole week, during the month of October. Ninety Indian braves, dressed in deerskins, feathers, and foxtails, with their faces daubed with red, yellow, and white paint, came as guests. With them came their chief, the great Massasoit. Round his neck he wore a string of bones and a bag of tobacco. At his belt he carried a long knife. His face was painted red, and his hair, as Governor Bradford wrote in his Journal, "looked quite greasily."

Of course it was a task to prepare food enough for the settlers and their guests. Four of the best marksmen among the Pilgrims went into the woods to shoot wild turkeys. They killed enough in one day for the whole company. Massasoit also sent out



CAPTAIN STANDISH PUT ON HIS ARMOR AND PARADED HIS LITTLE COMPANY OF TWELVE SOLDIERS. *Page* 45.

some of his men. They killed five deer, which they gave their pale-faced friends as their share of the feast. At this time there were only eleven log houses in the whole settlement; and so the Indians had to sleep and eat out of doors. They did not mind this, for it was a lovely, warm week of Indian summer.

Indeed, it was a fine thanksgiving. On the rude table under the trees were roast turkeys, deer meat, broiled fish, and baked clams. The young Pilgrim girls helped to serve the food to the hungry redskins. What a merry time everybody had during that thanksgiving week! The young men among the Pilgrims ran races, played games, and had a shooting match. At night the Indians sang and danced. Now and then they gave a war whoop, which made the woods ring. Every morning Captain Standish put on his armor and paraded his little company of twelve soldiers. Then he fired off the cannon on the top of Burial Hill.

On the third day Massasoit had to leave for home. He smoked the pipe of peace with his friends, and taking his presents of glass beads and trinkets, he and his braves said good-by and began their long tramp through the woods.

On the last days of the thanksgiving party Elder Brewster prayed a long prayer and preached a long sermon. He gave thanks to God for all his mercy and goodness to the little Plymouth colony.

He spoke tenderly of good John Carver, their first governor, who had died a few months before of worry and overwork.

Of course he did not forget Rose Standish, the lovely young wife of Captain Standish, who died of cold and lack of food during the winter.

Many shed tears when the good man spoke of the gentle Dorothy Bradford, who fell overboard from the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor and was drowned.

With tender words he spoke of the many

loved ones who died during the long winter and were sleeping on Burial Hill.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since the band of Pilgrims had their first thanksgiving on the Plymouth shore. Since that time Thanksgiving has come to be celebrated all over our land as the great family festival of the year. It is observed as a season of sweet and blessed memories.

IX

THE INDIANS, AND HOW THEY LIVED

WHEN Columbus discovered the New World, he thought he had reached India, and called the natives Indians. But the savages of America called themselves red men. They were a tall, well-built race of people. Their color was chestnut-brown. They had black eyes, straight, raven-black hair, and high cheek bones. Most of them cut their hair close to the head, except one tuft called the scalp lock. They liked to daub their faces with red, yellow, and blue paint. They did this, perhaps, to make themselves look ugly and fierce. Round their necks they wore strings of shining stones and shells, bits of mica, and the teeth of animals.

The Indians made their clothes out of the skins of the bear, deer, and beaver. Their shoes, or moccasins, and their leggings were made of deerskin, or other soft leather, trimmed with colored beads. They generally lived in villages of wigwams. The wigwam was a kind of tent made of birch bark or skins, held up by poles meeting at the top. There was only one room in the wigwam. The brave, his squaw, the children, and the dogs slept on the ground, with skins or dried grass for beds. In cold weather fire was built in the middle of the wigwam. The smoke went out through a hole in the top. These wigwams were pretty snug and warm even in the middle of winter.

The main task of the Indians was to get enough food to eat. They lived chiefly on fish and flesh of rabbits, bears, deer, turkeys, and other wild game, which they caught, or shot with their bows and arrows. They sometimes tilled the soil. Besides corn, they raised beans, squashes, pumpkins, and tobacco.

They were fond of corn and beans cooked together. This old-time dish is still common with us, and is called by its Indian name of succotash. Green corn and clams were roasted in hot ashes, somewhat as we cook them now at picnics. Meat and fish were broiled over a fire, on a gridiron of sticks.

When they wished to make a fire, they rubbed two dry sticks together until the sticks grew hot enough to kindle leaves or moss. They did not let their fire go out, if they could help it.

The only drink used by the red men was water. After the white man came, they learned to drink rum, which they called fire water. From the Indians, on the other hand, the settlers learned the use of tobacco.

The Indians were fond of fighting. Before the white men came, they fought with each other, and were cruel to their prisoners. Their weapons were rude. They fought with bow and arrow, with the tomahawk and the war club. Their bows were strung with the

sinews of the deer. The arrow heads were made of flint or other hard stone. The tomahawk was made of a sharp stone fastened to a wooden handle. After a time the Indians traded the skins of bears, foxes, and other animals to the settlers for knives, guns, and powder.

The savages were much puzzled about gunpowder. They thought it grew out of the ground like tobacco or corn. They believed that every paleface knew how to make it. It is said that once when the Indians captured two young girls, they tried to force them to make gunpowder for their tribe.

Squanto used to scare his savage friends by telling them that the Pilgrims kept gunpowder, as well as the plague, hid under their log cabins. He also told them that if they did any harm to his white friends, the gunpowder would be let loose and would kill every redskin on the coast.

Instead of money made of gold, silver, or copper, the Indians used what they called

wampum. This was made of round pieces of polished shells strung like beads. Besides their use as money, strings of wampum, trimmed with colored beads, were worn as bracelets and belts.

An Indian baby was called a papoose. It was strapped into a kind of cradle made of bark, padded with soft moss. This rude bit of a cradle was handy to carry round, or lean against a tree or the side of the wigwam. Better still, the mother used to hang it on the limb of a tree, and let the wind rock the baby to sleep. When on a march, the Indian mother carried her papoose in its cradle, strapped to her back.

The Indians loved outdoor life. They lived in the open air except in the coldest weather. They hunted and wandered in the woods. They fished in the rivers and ponds, and paddled their light canoes up and down the streams and across the lakes. They could follow game or their enemies through the thick woods by signs which would not

be seen by most white men. They knew the meaning of a broken twig, the trace of a foot, or a torn bit of moss.

The school of the Indian boy was the woods. He studied the ways and habits of bears, wild turkeys, rabbits, and other woodland creatures. While he was still small, he learned to imitate the hoot of the owl, the cry of the turkey, and the howl of the wolf. Before he was twelve years old, he could make his own bow and arrows, and help make canoes. He knew how to shape and use the tomahawk and the war club.

The Indians also loved sports and games. A famous traveler who knew Indian life tells us, in one of his books, that he would ride on horseback thirty miles to see an Indian game of ball. He said that he had often sat all day on his horse to see a match game with several hundred players on each side.

From childhood the Indian was trained to endure pain. Boys would put live coals under their naked arms to see who would

hold out longest. The Indian warrior had no equal in power of endurance or capacity for suffering. He could travel hundreds of miles without food or rest. He would be tortured to death without showing a sign of pain, while with his last breath he chanted his death song.

X

KING PHILIP'S WAR

MASSASOIT was the best Indian friend that the Plymouth people ever had. He made a treaty with them which lasted more than fifty years. This chief had two sons. He wanted them to live at peace with his white friends. One day he took the boys to Plymouth and called on Governor Bradford.

"I want my boys to like the English; will you please give them English names."

The governor named the older Alexander, and the younger Philip.

Massasoit lived to a great age. On his death his son Alexander became chief.

After a time the governor heard that Alexander was trying to stir up the Indians

to make war on the settlers. He sent for the young chief to come to Plymouth and explain matters. Alexander came, but on his way back he was taken sick and died before he could reach home.

His young wife was furious. She told her people that the English had given her husband poison. This was not true, but most of the Indians seemed to think it was. For this reason they felt bitter toward the colony.

Philip now became chief of the Indians who lived near Plymouth. He was one of the greatest Indian chiefs who ever lived. He was shrewd, crafty, and cruel. He called himself King Philip.

Now King Philip hated the English. He was sure that they had killed his brother. He was eager for revenge. Besides, more and more white people were coming every year, and he saw that his own people were growing weaker.

An Indian chief once asked a paleface to sit on a log with him. Then he kept asking

"TRUE ENOUGH," REPLIED THE REDSKIN. "THAT IS THE WAY IT IS WITH YOU ENGLISH." *Page 57.*

him to move along. Finally they came to the end of the log.

"Move on," said the Indian.

"I can't; I am at the end of the log now."

"True enough," replied the redskin. "That is the way it is with you English. You keep asking us to move on, and then to move on again, until we are as far as we can go; and now you ask us to move on again."

Now Massasoit had been the chief over the land from Cape Cod to the shore of Narragansett Bay. This was a strip about thirty miles wide. The Indians did not really put the land to much use except for hunting and fishing.

At first the English bought a small piece of land. More and more people came over from England. They also bought land. They paid for it in blankets, glass beads, knives, and trinkets. When Massasoit died, the white men had nearly all the land of his entire tribe. Well might the red men say, "They take our land from us and drive us

out." Then, too, some of the English were bad and dishonest. They sold the Indians strong drink, which made them ugly. They cheated them out of furs and skins, which they sold at a great price in Europe.

And so it came about that most of the Indians hated the pale-faced strangers. King Philip was a proud man. He could not bear to see things going on in this way.

"If the red men do not drive out the white men," he said, "the palefaces will drive out the red men."

The English did not trust Philip. They had good reason to think that he was planning to do them harm. Indeed, it was true; for he had sent presents to other Indian chiefs, saying, "Come and help us drive out the whites."

Now began a cruel and bloodthirsty war. It lasted for almost two years. More than a thousand log houses were burned, and six hundred women and children killed or made captives. This war began in 1675, a little

over fifty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

At first the fighting took place near Plymouth. Soon it spread, like a forest fire, to the larger towns along the Connecticut River.

Years before this the Indians had fought with bow and arrow, and the tomahawk. After a time they traded furs, land, and corn for guns and gunpowder. In a short time they could load and fire a gun as well as a white man.

The redskins did not fight in the open. They hid behind trees, rocks, and bushes, where they could shoot the settlers without being seen. They could make a noise exactly like a wild turkey. This trick would often draw a white man into the woods, only to be killed by his unseen foe.

It was the same old story in a hundred villages. The savages would creep up in the night. They would set fire to the cabins, kill or scalp the men, and carry off the women

and children to Canada to be traded for gold, rum, or guns.

The Indians made an attack on the village of Brookfield in the Old Bay State. They burned everything except the blockhouse.

To this the women and children had fled. The savages shot burning arrows into the roof. But the men tore off the rough shingles and put out the fire. Again the Indians crept up, and set fire this time under the corner of the blockhouse. The men rushed out and once more saved the building. The savages now found a cart, filled it with hay, set it on fire, and pushed it against the house. It seemed as if the settlers were to be burned out.

All of a sudden it began to grow dark.

"God is coming to our help. That big black cloud in the west will surely bring rain."

It soon began to rain, and the fire was put out. A little later some men from a neighboring village came to their help and drove off the redskins.

One day a woman was alone in her cabin with her two children. She looked up from her work and saw an Indian peering in at the window. Quick as a flash she put the little ones under a big brass kettle. Then seizing a shovelful of coals from the fireplace, she dashed them into the redskin's face. With a yell of pain he ran into the woods.

The leading man of the settlers was Captain Benjamin Church. He was a fearless Indian fighter. He knew how to meet the savages in their own way. During the winter a band of Indians gathered in a log fort in Rhode Island. The savages felt safe, for the fort was in a swamp and hard to reach.

Now was the time to strike a hard blow. Through the deep snow Captain Church led his men into the swamp. It was a long, bloody battle, but the fort was at last taken. The English set fire to the wigwams and put the women and children to death. The Indians lost nearly a thousand of their people.

Shortly afterward Captain Church made prisoners of King Philip's wife and little son.

"It breaks my heart. Now I'm ready to die," cried the Indian chief.

The little boy, the grandson of the great Massasoit, and his mother were sold as slaves, sent to Bermuda, and there died.

King Philip was hunted like a wild beast from one hiding-place to another. He grew more cruel as he fled from swamp to swamp. He killed one of his men for wanting to make peace with the whites. The brother of the Indian ran away and told Captain Church where Philip was hid.

A guard of soldiers was put round the swamp. In trying to escape, the chief was shot by the very Indian whose brother he had slain. The settlers cut off the savage's head and carried it to Plymouth, where they put it on a pole in a public place. This was a cruel thing to do, but it was done to make the other Indians afraid.

The death of King Philip put an end to the war. The Indians never again dared to make a serious attack on the people in this region.

XI

THE INDIANS ATTACK HAVERHILL

MORE than two hundred years ago a long war took place between England and France. This war began in 1702 and lasted for nearly twelve years. It was called Queen Anne's War. It was one part of the long struggle to see whether England or France was to rule in North America.

The Indians for the most part took sides with the French. The settlers along the border lived a life of ever-present peril. Bands of savages came down from Canada. They attacked the little log-house villages. They burned the cabins, killed and scalped the men, and carried off the women and children to be sold in Canada. Savages would hide in the woods for weeks to find a

chance to burn some lonely house, and kill and scalp the men at work in the fields.

In the state of Massachusetts there is now a rich and thriving city called Haverhill, on the Merrimac River. At the time of our story it was a little village of thirty log houses. The Indians used to come down the river in their canoes, and kill the settlers. Then with prisoners and plunder they would paddle upstream and steal out of sight in the deep woods of New Hampshire.

During the summer of 1708 a large band of French and Indians set out from Canada to attack the settlements along the frontier. Among other towns the village of Haverhill was to be visited.

One Sunday morning in August, about daylight, a shoemaker by the name of John Kezar was walking home from Amesbury. When he was almost at Haverhill, he happened to look through the underbrush, and saw a band of savages marching toward the village.

"Indians! Indians!" he shouted when he ran to give the alarm.

He dashed to the green in front of the meetinghouse and fired his gun.

"Indians! Indians!" was soon heard all over the frontier village.

The savages scattered in every direction, that they might do their cruel work the more quickly.

The foremost party of the redskins attacked the house of the minister, Benjamin Rolfe. They began to beat down the door with their tomahawks.

The good man jumped from his bed and braced himself against the stout oak door. There were three soldiers in the house; but they were so afraid that they did not use a gun or lift a finger to defend the place.

The Indians fired through the door. One of the bullets hit Mr. Rolfe on the elbow. The poor man was not able to defend his own home any longer. He ran out of the back door. The savages caught up with

him at the well and killed him with their tomahawks.

Mr. Rolfe had two little girls, Mary, thirteen years old, and Elizabeth, nine. And there was a negro girl, named Hagar. She jumped from her bed, and led the two frightened children into the cellar. She put them under big tubs, and then hid herself behind the meat barrel.

Down came the Indians. They stole everything they could carry away. Several times they walked past the tubs that hid the children. They even stepped on the foot of one of them. They drank milk from the pans and hurled them on the cellar floor. They took the meat from the barrel behind which Hagar was hid. But they saw nobody. A nurse named Ann Whittaker lived at Mr. Rolfe's at this time. She hid herself in a chest under the stairs and also escaped without harm.

A family named Hartshorn fared badly. Mr. Hartshorn saw the Indians coming toward

his house. He and his two sons ran out. All three were shot dead in the yard. Mrs. Hartshorn, leaving her infant boy asleep in the garret, took the rest of the children through a trapdoor into the cellar.

The Indians plundered the house, but did not happen to go into the cellar. One big savage went up into the garret, took the baby boy from his bed, and threw him out of the window. The poor thing fell stunned but unharmed on a pile of boards.

Some of the Indians attacked the house of Mr. Swan, which stood out in a field. The savages tried to break in the front door.

Mr. Swan was a timid man and told his wife to let the savages in.

"Never," cried the heroic woman; "let me try and see what I can do."

A big redskin placed his back against the door, and the others pushed against him. Mrs. Swan seized an iron spit, nearly three feet long. With all her might she drove it through the body of the savage. This was

too much. The Indians ran off and did no harm to the family.

A small band of Indians set fire to the meetinghouse, one of the largest on the frontier. A man named Davis ran behind a barn which stood near. He struck the side of it long and hard with a big club.

"Come on, men! come on! we'll have them yet," he shouted, as if giving a word of command.

Then the Indians began to shout: "The English are coming! The English are coming!"

Shortly afterward Major Turner, with a company of soldiers, came to the help of the village. The French and Indians made a hasty retreat, taking with them a number of prisoners.

Captain Samuel Ayer, a fearless Indian fighter, got together a little band of twenty men and went in pursuit. He shortly came up with the party, and began fighting, although against great odds. Another com-

pany of settlers soon came to help. The Indians were beaten. They retreated toward Canada, losing a part of their prisoners and leaving some of their own number dead.

It was a time of sorrow and mourning in that little frontier village. Sixteen men, women, and children were killed outright. As many more were carried off to Canada as prisoners. It was hot weather, and the dead were buried the same day in one large grave.

For many years the people of Haverhill suffered hardships from the Indians. That terrible August Sunday was long remembered as the last and worst attack. In the old burying ground which overlooks the Merrimac stands a granite monument. It tells in simple words the story of the fight with the Indians and the death of the beloved minister and fifteen of his people on that hot Sunday so many long years ago.

XII

BETTY MERRILL AND THE BIG CLOCK

MANY years ago a large part of New Hampshire was one vast wilderness. In this region, on the banks of the Connecticut River, there lived a settler by the name of John Merrill, with his good wife, Hannah. They had a bright, lively daughter named Betty. She was a girl about twelve years old.

Now Betty loved her home. She liked to tramp through the deep woods. She made friends with the squirrels, the rabbits, the robins, and the blue jays. She liked to sit on the banks of the river, where she could watch the water and look at a big mountain in the distance.

Among other things that Betty liked was

the tall clock in a corner of the kitchen. Her grandfather, who lived in London, had sent it as a present to her mother, two years before. Often, when Betty was helping her mother get supper, she would stand before it and watch the long pendulum swing slowly to and fro, and listen to its solemn ticking.

"Listen sharp, Betty," said her father one day, "and hear what the clock says to you."

"I'm sure I cannot make it out; what does it say, father?"

"This is what it says, my girl, 'Be brave, little girl, be brave, be brave.'"

Often after this, when Betty was busy at work, she would look up now and then at the clock and say to herself, "I really believe you do say 'Be brave, my girl, be brave.'"

At the time of our story, Betty's mother had gone down the river to spend a few days with a sick neighbor. The little girl was keeping house for her father.

One cold morning, in the midst of a driving snowstorm, Mr. Merrill was to go on horse-

back to get his wife. Behind him was strapped a cushion, or pillion, as it was called, on which the good woman would ride.

"Hurry back with mother," cried Betty, when her father was ready to start. "It will be dark early; and the snow may drift."

"I'll hurry back, Betty, dear; I don't like to leave you alone even for a short time. Keep the bar across the door. Have a good fire going."

The father kissed his daughter and rode away, following a trail through the woods.

Betty was busy about the house all the morning. She sang as she washed the dishes and put them in order. She swept the kitchen floor and dusted the two oak settles with their high backs and narrow seats. Then she drew the spinning wheel near the fire and spun some flax. After a time she began to get ready for dinner. She pulled out the crane and hung on it the big iron kettle half filled with succotash.

The tall clock struck twelve.

"Surely it is almost time for father and mother to come. The snow must be deep in the woods."

The clock struck one. No father or mother was to be seen. The clock struck two. The succotash was done long ago. Betty had spread the table with its coarse linen cloth, its cups, pewter spoons, and wooden plates.

There was a small window in the front of the cabin. The glass was thick with frost. Betty breathed on it, and through the clear place looked down the trail.

"There they are. I can see them just coming out of the woods."

She took the kettle from the crane, dished out the succotash, and put it on the table. Again she looked out of the window. In another moment she shrank with terror. Along the trail were coming two tall Indians.

"Oh, what shall I do? Where can I hide?"

All of a sudden her eyes fell on the clock.

"I know. Perhaps the Indians will not think to look inside of it for me."

She ran across the kitchen, pulled open the door of the clock, unfastened the weights, and hid them behind the settle. In another moment she stepped into the clock case and pulled the door to as tight as she could. There was not a moment to spare. One Indian was trying to look in at the window. The other was pounding away on the door with his tomahawk.

"Surely they will break in. I'm glad I'm not a big girl. Dear me, I wish father would come."

Just at this time there was an angry bark of a dog. Then came the sharp crack of a rifle, a scramble, and a rush outside.

Betty opened the door of the clock a wee bit.

"That is Johnson's dog Nero; the Indians will run off now. Some of the folks are coming home with father."

Weak and almost ready to faint, she got out of the clock. She lifted the oak bar from the door, and fell in a heap on the floor.

In rushed her father and mother, Mr. Johnson, and his two grown-up sons. Nero leaped wildly round the cabin as if chasing a whole tribe of savages. He lapped the girl's face, and barked. The mother dashed cold water into Betty's face and gently rubbed her forehead. In a few moments the child opened her eyes and found herself in her mother's arms.

"How is the succotash?" she asked, sitting up and looking round the cabin.

"It is all right," said her father, as he tenderly kissed her. "And so are you. I suppose those Indians meant no harm. Perhaps they were only prowling round to steal something. You were a brave little girl, and I am proud of you. Dinner is ready. Let us sit down and eat; for we are all as hungry as bears."

XIII

WASHINGTON AS A BOY

GEORGE WASHINGTON is often spoken of as the Father of his Country. He is also called the first of Americans. His birthday is celebrated from one end of our land to the other. Flags fly, cannon boom, and from Maine to California school children celebrate the day by reciting pieces, singing patriotic songs, and listening to eloquent speakers. We like to see the picture of Washington in our homes, in our schools, and in public buildings. Indeed, we have come to know this man's face almost as well as that of our father or mother.

George Washington was born in Virginia, on February 22, 1732. When he was old enough, he went to a little country school

and learned to read, write, and cipher. Before he was twelve, he could write a clear, bold hand. Most children do not care to keep their copy and exercise books. Those of the boy Washington have been kept, and even now, after all these years, are easily read.

Among the many good rules and sayings which the lad copied in smooth and even lines there is one that we should remember: "Learn to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Like most other boys, George was not always busy about his copy books. He grew to be tall, strong, and manly. He was fond of outdoor games and sports. We are told that he could run faster, jump farther, and throw a stone a greater distance than any other boy in Virginia. In their school games his mates used to pick him out as their leader. Just as boys do now, so boys then used to play being soldiers. They had cornstalks for guns, and swords whittled from pine wood.

With cheers these boys used to rush into their battles with Captain George as their leader.

During all his life Washington had a quick temper, but he learned to keep it under control. He was never known to say or do a mean thing. He hated a lie. He was obedient to his father and mother.

We all know the story of how he used the new hatchet which his father gave him; how he tried its keen edge on many things, and finally cut down one of his father's finest cherry trees; and we know how angry his father was.

"I wish I knew who cut down my cherry tree. George, do you know who did it?"

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut down your tree with my new hatchet. I am sorry about it."

"George, my boy," and the father took his son into his arms, "I had rather lose all my cherry trees than have you tell one lie."

This story of George and the cherry tree

may not be true; but it is good enough to be true. There is another story, too, worth telling. It seems that when George was a lad, his mother owned a colt that had never been broken. Nobody about the plantation seemed to care to break him. Indeed, they were a little afraid of him.

Early one morning George and some of his playmates were out in the pasture. They watched the colt running about and kicking up his heels. This was too much for George.

"Help me to get a bridle on him, boys, and I will ride him."

After a lively chase they succeeded in catching and bridling the frisky animal. The next moment George was on his back.

The colt did not like it. He kicked. He almost stood on his head. He plunged about, trying to throw the boy off. George hung tight to his mane.

"Hang on for your life, George, or he will kill you," shouted his companions.

The fun was getting to be a little bit too

serious. The boy was perhaps frightened, but he would not let go. All of a sudden the colt gave a leap into the air and fell over on his side dead. He had broken a blood vessel.

It was a lame and sad boy that trudged back to the house with his playmates coming slowly along behind.

"Oh, what will mother say? It was her pet colt."

When the boys came to the front porch, Mrs. Washington called them in to breakfast.

"Did you see my sorrel this morning, boys?"

"He is dead, mother; I killed him;" and George's eyes filled with tears.

"Dead! how can that be? He was not sick early this morning," said Mrs. Washington.

Then the boy told the whole affair, just as it had taken place.

His mother was both sorry and glad. She looked steadily at her young son.

"George, you did wrong; but I am glad you told me the truth. I am indeed sorry to lose my colt, but the truth from you is worth more than everything else. I am glad to have a son who speaks the truth."

XIV

WASHINGTON AS A YOUNG MAN

WHEN Washington was eleven years old, his father died. It was now the mother who had to look after the son. Her first thought was to make him a good man. When the lad was fourteen, he wanted to go to sea. There was a ship at anchor in the Potomac River. George liked to talk with the sailors when they came on shore. In some way he got a chance to ship as a sailor on this vessel. His trunk was packed. His mother had given her consent. When he went to say good-by to her, he found her in tears.

"Oh, George, my dear boy, how can I ever let you go to sea? It was more than I could bear to lose your dear father."

"Mother, I will not go. I will stay with you until I grow up."

So he gave up his dream of going to sea. He went back to school and studied mathematics and surveying.

George's older brother, Lawrence, had married the daughter of a rich English nobleman named Sir Thomas Fairfax, who owned thousands of acres of wild land in Virginia. When the old gentleman heard that settlers were building log cabins on his land without his leave, he looked about for somebody to survey the property. One day Lawrence took his young brother along with him to call on Lord Fairfax. The old nobleman took a fancy to the sturdy youth. Together they hunted and fished through the woods and fields of the great estate. Then Sir Thomas hired this boy of sixteen to survey his lands on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Washington, with one friend, set out for the wild region. Of course it was a rough,

hard life. They had to cross mountains and wade through rivers, and slept in the open air beside the camp fire. For food they shot wild turkeys and deer and caught fish in the rivers. They cooked their meat and fish on sticks held over the coals of the camp fire. They had no plates and dishes except chips from hickory trees. Now and then they came across bands of Indians. At night, when the day's work was done, the two friends would watch the savages yell and dance to the music of their rude drums. This frontier life was a fine training for the future soldier. The young man gained courage and self-control, and learned to endure all manner of hardships.

Lord Fairfax was well pleased with the work his young friend had done. Off and on, Washington worked three years for the old nobleman. Soon after, he was made a public surveyor, and for his work received a goodly sum every year.

Now at this time the French had made

homes for themselves in Canada. The English were living on a narrow strip of land along the coast between the Atlantic Ocean and the mountains. Little by little the French were building forts and making friends with the Indian tribes along the valley of the Ohio. This meant, of course, that the English were to keep out of this part of the country.

"All the land west of the mountains belongs to us," the French declared.

"No, the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific belongs to us," was the answer of the English.

The governor of Virginia now decided to write a letter to the French on the distant frontier, to tell them that the land belonged to the English. Who was to carry the letter over the mountains and through the thick woods?

"Young George Washington is the man to do it," said the governor; "he knows the Indians and is not afraid of them; I will

send him. He is young, but he is the best man in Virginia for this trip."

So with a frontier friend named Gist, a few hunters, and an Indian guide, Washington set out on a trip of nearly five hundred miles to the French forts. After a long, hard tramp the little party reached a French outpost near Lake Erie.

"We will hold the Ohio in spite of what you English can do," sneered the French captain of the outpost.

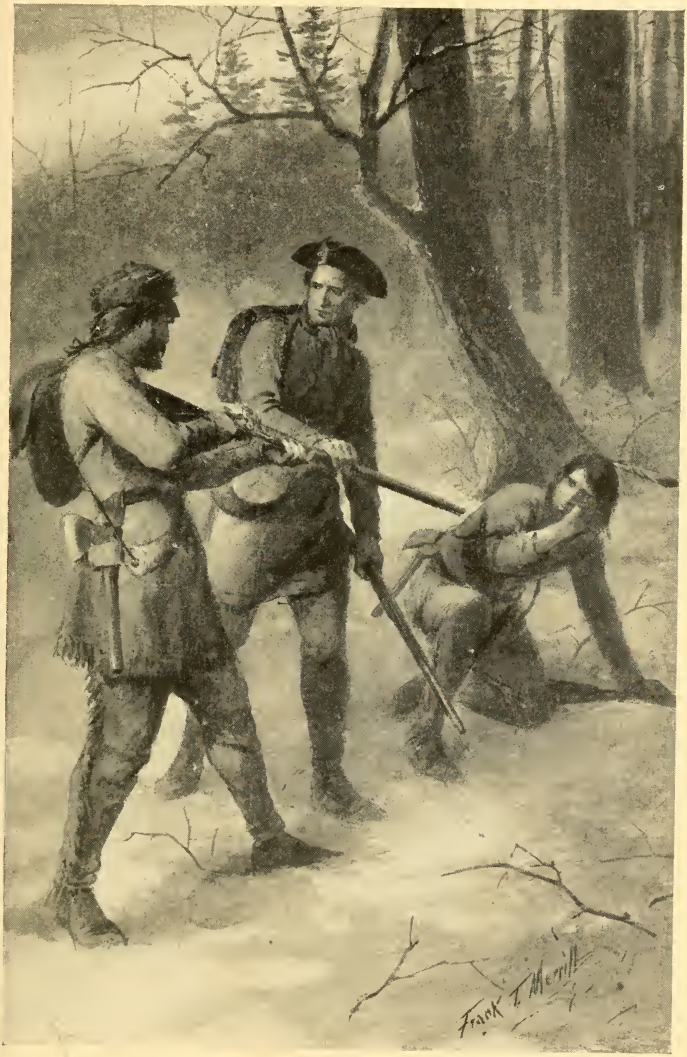
Another long tramp was taken to the next frontier fort.

"We are all under orders to keep the English out of the Ohio Valley," firmly replied the French commander when he read the governor's letter; "and we intend to do our duty."

With his pack on his back and his gun on his shoulder, Washington now started to make his way back home. It was a slow and painful trip. It was late in the season, and snow covered the ground. The rivers were

full of ice. There were no paths through the woods. Indeed, if Gist had not been so skillful a woodsman, Washington might never have reached home again. The Indian guide proved a rascal. He begged to carry Washington's gun for him, but the young Virginian did not trust him. One night when the little party was tramping along single file, the Indian turned suddenly and fired at Washington from behind a tree. It was dark, and the bullet missed its mark. Gist wanted to kill the Indian, but Washington would not allow him to do so.

On another occasion Washington nearly lost his life. He and his friend had reached the Allegheny River. It was full of floating ice. They worked long and hard to make a raft of logs. When they were pushing across with a pole, a big cake of ice struck them. Washington was thrown into the water. The two men at last got ashore on a little island. There was no way to build a fire, and they had to keep walking all night in their wet



GIST WANTED TO KILL THE INDIAN. *Page* 88.

clothing. In the early morning they were able to get across on the ice.

After many other hardships and perils Washington reached Virginia and told the story of his trip. The governor was much pleased with what his young friend had done, and made him a colonel. It was now Colonel Washington.

At this time Washington was twenty-two years old and more than six feet tall. He was straight as an arrow and tough as a hickory tree. The people of Virginia said he was the strongest and bravest young man in the state.

The governor of Virginia now made ready for the war which everybody knew was sure to break out. Colonel Washington, with a small force, was sent over the mountains to build a fort on the Ohio River. This he did near the place where the great city of Pittsburg now stands.

"There will be a great city on this spot some day," said Washington to his men.

The enemy now began to give them trouble.

Washington had only a few soldiers, while the French had a great many. He was wise and prudent. He gave up his fort, and was allowed to go back to Virginia.

This was the beginning of a bitter war which lasted for nine years. It is known as the French and Indian War. When peace came, in 1763, France gave up to England the whole of Canada with all the vast region between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi River, except the city of New Orleans. Washington had become a hero to the people of Virginia. He now married a lady named Martha Custis, and went to live at Mount Vernon; for his brother Lawrence had died and he had fallen heir to the property. At this time he was known as one of the richest men in the state and also as the ablest and bravest soldier in Virginia.

XV

LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON

MOUNT VERNON, the home of George Washington, is on the Potomac River, sixteen miles below the capital. This spot was to Washington the dearest place on earth. He was sorry to leave it. He was always glad to go back to it. When the American Revolution was over, Washington served his country eight years as president, and then retired to Mount Vernon to spend his last days. He died here in the year 1799.

Mount Vernon was one of the loveliest and finest estates in the country. The entrance is in the rear of the mansion, near the old gateway used in Washington's time. On the left, as you enter the grounds, is the old

flower garden. In it may still be seen many of the plants and shrubs which were given to Washington by some of the noted men of his time. The famous Mary Washington rose-bush still blooms. It came from France, and was named by Washington in honor of his mother.

In front of the great house is a broad lawn, which slopes to the banks of the Potomac. In the rear are an orchard, the garden, and a deer park. At either end of the mansion is a long, arched gallery which leads to the kitchen and other outbuildings.

In the old coach house you may still see the family carriage. In it Washington and his family used to ride eight miles to church. It took four horses to draw it over the muddy Virginia roads.

Down the path, a little way to the right toward the river, is Washington's tomb. Through the iron grating of the door may be seen two caskets, hewn from single pieces of marble. They hold the remains of General

Washington and his wife. How many famous men and women of the world have stood with bowed heads before this sacred spot!

Washington's bride was a widow named Martha Custis. She brought to Mount Vernon her two children. Washington called his stepdaughter Patsy, and his stepson Jacky.

Patsy died when she was seventeen. Jack grew up to be a soldier. He died of camp fever at the siege of Yorktown, leaving a little daughter, Eleanor, only two years old. Washington tells us that when he received news of Jack's death, he threw himself on his camp bed and cried like a child.

Now little Eleanor, or Nellie, as she was usually called, was given to Washington to bring up as his own child. She was adopted "in full legal form." She became the pride and pet of the great man, and lived at Mount Vernon until the death of Washington.

When you go to Mount Vernon you may see her room as it was furnished when she lived there. In one corner is her bed with its tall posts and its curtains of cloth called dimity. The bed is so high that she had to step up three steps to get into it.

On the first floor at Mount Vernon is the music room. In this room is the old-fashioned piano which Washington bought in London and gave Nellie as a wedding present. The lively young girl liked much better to romp in the woods and ride the unbroken colts than to study music. We are not surprised to read that she used to cry when the time came to practice her music lessons.

In this same music room you may see a queer guitar which Nellie played when she grew older. There is also a flute which Washington used to play.

We are told that the grave and stately man would unbend a good deal when Nellie amused him with her bright chatter and sunny smiles. Indeed, this merry girl was

said to be the only person who was known to make Washington laugh aloud.

In those days every little girl of a good family was taught to work with fancy stitches her name and age, the alphabet, and trees and houses on a square piece of canvas. This was called "working a sampler." These samplers were often framed and hung up on the walls, just like pictures. Some of the samplers that Nellie made are still to be seen in her room at Mount Vernon

When Washington was chosen president of the new nation, he lived in New York, which was then the capital of the country. Nellie went along and lived in that city for eight years. During this time she saw and talked with most of the famous men of our country.

Nellie Custis grew up to be a sweet and lovely lady. She married Washington's nephew. Washington gave the young husband a fine estate near Mount Vernon, but as long as Washington lived, Nellie and her husband made their home with him.

Nellie lived to be an old lady. She was buried at Mount Vernon. Her tomb is near that of Washington. On the marble stone you may read how she was "raised under the roof of the Father of his Country," and that she "was a fair and lovely woman and dearly beloved by all."

XVI

THE DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK

THE French had made their homes in Canada. The English were settled along the coast of the Atlantic. At the time of our story, the French were coming south. They built a string of forts and trading posts from the Great Lakes down the Ohio Valley, and even to the Gulf of Mexico. The Allegheny Mountains made a kind of natural boundary between the English along the coast and the French in the West.

"John Cabot and his son sailed along this coast years before the French came here; so the land belongs to us," the English declared.

"No," answered the French, "it belongs to us; you must stay between the mountains and the ocean."

Now began the long struggle to decide whether the French or the English should be masters of America. It is known as the French and Indian War. In this, as in other wars, the Indians for the most part took sides with the French.

The spot where the city of Pittsburgh now stands was the most important point along the frontier. It was the main entrance to the Ohio Valley. It was long called the Gateway of the West.

"Here is a fine place for a fort," Washington had said years before, when he was sent to tell the French to leave the Ohio Valley; "there will be a great city on this spot some day."

So the English made haste and began to build a fort at this place. But the French came along, drove the English off, and finished the fort for their own use.

The next year the king of England sent his soldiers to force out the French. General Braddock was in command.

"Send that young Colonel Washington to me," were General Braddock's words when he landed in Virginia; "I need his help to drive the French from the Ohio."

Washington replied, "I will take my riflemen and go with you."

Now General Braddock was a brave soldier, but he knew nothing about fighting Indians. The savages, as we have already seen, do not come out and fight in the open. They lurk in the woods, and fire from shelter.

"We must send out scouts, General Braddock," said Washington; "the Indians will lie hid and will jump out at us when we least expect it."

"Pooh, pooh!" was the reply of the proud British general; "the idea of a boy's telling an old soldier what to do. We shall make short work of the Indians."

So General Braddock and his redcoats set out on their long march toward Fort Duquesne. The settlers of Virginia stood in the doors of their log cabins to see the fine sol-

diers march through the villages. Drums were beating, fifes were playing, and banners waved in the air.

In a few days the army plunged into the deep woods. There were no roads, only bridle paths. The little army marched more than four weeks, and was now only eight miles from the fort.

"The enemy cannot escape us to-morrow," declared General Braddock. "What do you say, Colonel Washington?"

"Perhaps you are right; but we must be careful. Between us and the fort is a deep valley. The Indians may hide there and attack us before we can help ourselves. Let me send out my riflemen as scouts."

General Braddock was angry. "Do not tell me what to do, young man; I was an officer in the king's army long before you were born."

The next day the redcoats were hewing their road along a narrow trail. No scouts were sent in advance. It was a hot day in

July. Not a sound was heard but the ring of the ax and the falling of trees. Into a deep, narrow valley they were making their way without a thought of a hidden enemy.

All of a sudden, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, rang out the dreadful war whoop of the Indians. From behind trees, bushes, and rocks the savages shot down the English soldiers.

The redcoats were veterans. They had often fought in wars at home. But for the first time they were to meet a foe of another kind. They stood in ranks to shoot, but there was no enemy in sight. From the thick underbrush rang out the rifles amid the yells of the enemy. Scores of men were shot down like sheep, with nothing to be seen but puffs of smoke. Those who lived through that afternoon said they could not be sure that they had caught sight of a single Indian.

General Braddock did all that a brave man could do. Four horses were killed under him.

He was soon fatally wounded, and the army was in a panic.

Colonel Washington and his riflemen came up from the rear in the nick of time. They took to the rocks and bushes and fought the Indians in their own way. Washington had two horses shot under him. Four bullets went through his coat. Years afterward an old Indian chief said that in this battle he had fired at Washington many times, but that the young American brave seemed to have a charmed life.

"What is to be done now?" whispered the dying British general.

"We must withdraw at once," replied Washington.

The young Virginian and his riflemen held the savages back until the British troops retired to a safe place.

It was a terrible defeat. Seven hundred English regulars were killed. Before dark all that was left of Braddock's army was in full retreat. Washington and his men brought

up the rear. By their skill and courage they had saved the remnant of the British soldiers.

General Braddock died a few days after. He was secretly buried in the trail. Washington read the burial service by twilight. The soldiers, horses, and wagons, in their mad flight, passed over the grave and blotted out every sign of the weird burial place. This was done at the general's request, to prevent the Indians from finding the body.

The French and Indian War lasted nearly eight years. At the end of it the French were driven out of the vast territory west of the Allegheny Mountains. Even Canada was given up to the English. The settlers along the coast were soon making their way over the mountains to find new homes in the region now known as Kentucky and Tennessee.

XVII

KING GEORGE TAXES THE COLONIES

THE French and Indian War was at an end. It had cost much money, destroyed the lives of many brave men, and brought untold suffering and hardship upon thousands of innocent people. And yet this war had taught its lesson to our people. It had brought the colonies together and given them some dim notion of their united strength. Thousands of men had been trained to the use of arms side by side with the British regulars. And now that there was peace with France, our people felt less need of the protection of the mother country. Besides all this, the vast region east of the Mississippi was left open for the colonists to lay the foundation stones of a new nation.

The European nations that planted colonies in this country treated them after the selfish and narrow notions of the time. England also used to make all manner of laws to squeeze money out of her colonies. Loss in trade fell on us, while the gain went to the people across the Atlantic. Twenty-five years before the Revolution no less than twenty-nine acts of Parliament had been passed for this purpose.

It was a sad day for the British Empire when George the Third, a young man of twenty-two, came to the throne. He was selfish, stubborn, and weak. He hated everybody who stood up for the rights of the people. He seemed to think that the colonies across the sea belonged to him.

"My colonies," he said, "must pay their share of our war debt and the cost of keeping soldiers in America."

"No, indeed," cried our people; "we can take care of ourselves without help of any kind."

In spite of all their hardships our people were thrifty. They built ships, sailed to the West Indies, and traded lumber and fish for sugar, molasses, and silver dollars. They made boots, shoes, hats, glass, salt, gunpowder, and many other useful things, and sold them across the Atlantic. In New England alone five hundred vessels engaged in trading along the coast and in foreign lands.

These and many other signs of progress stirred the jealousy of the British rulers.

"This will never do," they declared. "Our colonies in America are getting too rich. The French and Spaniards are getting their money. We must have it. We must force them to trade with us."

From his youth the queen mother had been saying to her son, "George, be a king."

So now the dull ruler was eager to show his power. He and his short-sighted advisers began to pick a quarrel with the colonies. Harsh and unjust laws which had been dead

for years were now brought to life. A standing army was to be kept in America. Our merchants were not allowed to send out goods to other lands, or bring in any except from English colonies. They could not bring in sugar or molasses without paying a tax. They could buy their hardware only in England.

It was against the law for us to make goods from the wool of our own sheep. A farmer could not cut down the trees on his own land to make staves and barrels. As for chairs, tables, wagons, and so on, the lumber must first be shipped to England to be worked up, and the finished goods brought back to this country.

Pine trees twelve inches or more in diameter were marked with what was called the king's arrow, which meant that they must be saved for the Royal Navy. A man could not cut down one of these trees to build his own house. And before he could clear his own land, he had to pay the king's officer to

come and cut the arrow mark on his own trees.

Of course these unwise and unjust laws caused a great deal of ill will and hatred toward the mother country. If they had been strictly enforced, probably the American Revolution would have broken out several years before it did.

King George now made up his mind to send his soldiers to America. To pay for it, he planned to make our people pay a direct tax. The Stamp Act was passed. By this law we were forced to use stamps, not unlike our postage stamps, on notes, wills, deeds, and even on pamphlets, newspapers, and almanacs. The cost of a stamp ran from one cent to fifty dollars. No document was legal unless it was stamped.

A storm of indignation swept over the land. The injustice of the law made the people angry. What right, they asked, had the king and the British Parliament to force a tax on them? "Taxation without representation is

tyranny," became the watchword of the hour.

One day the Virginia Assembly was in session. Washington was there, and Thomas Jefferson, then a young law student, stood listening at the door. Patrick Henry stoutly claimed that Virginia was not bound to obey any law which was plainly a menace to the common freedom of Englishmen.

"Caesar had his Brutus," said the eloquent and fearless orator; "Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third — "

"Treason!" shouted the speaker of the Assembly; and the cry, "Treason, treason!" rang through the room.

The intrepid patriot did not flinch. "And George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it!"

On the day the Stamp Act became a law, funeral bells were tolled, flags were put at half mast, and shops were closed.

The people refused to buy the stamps. Packages of them were burned in the streets.

Boxes of them were seized on vessels and thrown into the sea. Stamp officers were dragged out of their beds and made to swear that they would not sell them. The hated stamp tax was done away with after one year.

King George was now angrier than ever. He was not slow to pick a fresh quarrel. Laws were passed by Parliament by which duties were laid on tea, glass, paper, oil, and a few other articles, if brought from foreign lands.

Our people also were more angry than before. Thousands declared with Sam Adams that they would "eat nothing, drink nothing, and wear nothing" from England until all the duties had been taken off. The shopkeepers now found their business going to ruin. Ships that came with English goods had to sail back without unloading a single article.

The colonists did not wish to break from England. It was only liberty they wanted. They came from England, and England they

loved. It was their mother country. They called themselves Englishmen. They had fought for England, and they were willing to fight her battles again.

"We will buy your goods," they said. "We will help fight your battles. Give us our liberties. This is all we ask."

But this the king would not do. He would not listen to reason. He thought the colonies were weak and would not dare to resist the royal power. During all the time of this quarrel the king was his own prime minister and did things in his own way. His policy was to force the colonists from their position; for the colonists insisted that they ought not to be taxed without having some part in making the laws.

We should keep in mind, however, that many of the best people in England did not favor this harsh and unwise treatment of the colonies in America.

XVIII

THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION

THE quarrel between the colonies and the mother country grew more and more bitter.

"Pay the taxes," declared King George, "or I will send my soldiers over and make you."

"We will not pay taxes," replied the colonists, "unless we can have something to say about making the laws."

Two regiments of British soldiers were sent to Boston. The people were angry, and insulted the redcoats.

"What right have these soldiers in Boston, anyway?" they asked.

The boys laughed at the British and called them lobster backs.

"Lobster backs! Kill the lobster backs," shouted the crowd, when the troops paraded the streets on Sunday morning.

In winter the boys used to coast down to the frog pond in the Common. They became excited when they saw the redcoats going into camp close by. The soldiers, as the story goes, used to tease the youngsters by spoiling their sledding.

One day, having rebuilt their slides, and finding, on their return from school, that they were again destroyed, several of the boys went to the captain and complained.

The officer made fun of them; and the soldiers became more troublesome than ever.

At last a party of some of the larger boys waited on General Gage, the commander in chief. He asked why so many children had called on him.

"We come, sir," said the tallest boy, "to demand satisfaction."

"What," said the general, "have your

fathers been teaching you rebellion. and sent you to exhibit it here?"

"Nobody sent us, sir," replied the boy, while his eyes flashed and his cheeks grew red; "we have never injured or insulted your troops, but they have spoiled our snow slides and broken the ice on our skating grounds. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our slides were destroyed the third time, and we will bear it no longer."

General Gage was a kind-hearted man. After gazing on the boys in silent admiration for a moment, he turned to an officer by his side, and said, "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe. You may go, my brave boys, and be assured that if my soldiers trouble you again, they shall be punished."

One winter day a crowd of Boston school-boys pelted one of the hated tax collectors

with snowballs and drove him into his house. The man opened a window and rashly fired a gun at random. A boy named Snider was killed.

A few days later, on the Common, there was trouble between the soldiers and some rope makers. The redcoats got the worst of it.

One night in March, 1770, some soldiers stationed in Boston got into a quarrel with the people, and the noise increased until the guard was called out. When the regulars drew up in line, most of the crowd fell back.

A few remained and insulted the redcoat soldiers, shouting, "Lobster backs! Fire if you dare, you cowards! You don't dare to fire."

Captain Preston, the officer in command, gave the word, "Fire!"

The soldiers fired.

Five men were killed and several wounded.

There was now intense excitement in Boston. The next day the Old South Church was

crowded with an angry town meeting. Thousands filled the streets. The people demanded that the troops be removed.

The governor promised to remove one regiment.

"Both regiments or none," was the answer.

Samuel Adams waited on the governor; stretching forth his long right arm, and pointing his finger at him, he sternly demanded, in the name of three thousand freemen, that every British soldier be removed from Boston.

"I observed his knees to tremble," said the stern patriot in after years, "I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight."

Before sunset of the same day the British troops were removed from the city and sent to an island in the harbor. Not until then did the meeting in the Old South Church break up.

The unfortunate act of the soldiers in killing the people was the so-called Boston Massacre. It did more to mould public

opinion than weeks of fine talk could have done. It was one step, and an important one, toward the final appeal to the bayonet.

The quarrel did not stop. Three years had passed, and King George had taken the tax off everything except tea.

"We don't mind the tax of a few cents on a pound of tea," said the people; "this is not the point. You have no right to tax us unless we can help to make the laws."

"Buy the taxed tea or go without."

Three of the king's ships landed their tea in Charleston, South Carolina, but nobody would sell it. It was hid in a damp cellar and left to spoil. In vain the royal officers tried to land tea in New York and Philadelphia. The shipowners were glad to send their unloaded vessels back to England.

In Boston things took a different turn. Warning was several times given to the masters of the ships to sail out of the harbor. On the last day before the tea must be landed, or be prevented from landing, a town meeting

was held in the Old South Church. There was a crowd in the church, and in the streets.

The discussion continued until dark, and candles were brought in. It was decided that the tea should not be landed.

"Who knows," shouted somebody in the audience, "how tea will mix with salt water?"

The church rang with cheers.

Then up rose Samuel Adams and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

This was the signal.

A war whoop was heard outside, and forty or fifty men, disguised as Indians, went quietly aboard the three vessels. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea had been cut open and their contents emptied into Boston Harbor.

The next morning there was not a chest of taxed tea in Boston, on shipboard or on shore. At the same time Paul Revere was riding with all haste to Philadelphia to let the good

people of that city know that Boston was ready to fight for her rights.

One of the "Indians" found a handful of tea in his shoe. He saved it and sealed it in a bottle. It is still shown as a souvenir of this informal "tea party" in Boston Harbor.

This was the famous Boston Tea Party. It took place in the middle of December, 1773. There was not the slightest disorder. The "Indians" quietly went back to their homes. The people of the thirteen colonies showed every sign of joy when swift riders carried the good news everywhere.

XIX

"THE MIDNIGHT MESSAGE OF PAUL REVERE"

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year."

GENERAL GAGE was in command of the British forces in America. There were now about four thousand redcoats in Boston. It was plain enough that this meant war.

"If we must fight, we will get ready," said the patriots, and formed themselves into companies. They were ready to march at a minute's notice, and came to be called minutemen.

General Gage sent his spies far and wide

to find where the powder and supplies of the patriots were kept. On one trip the redcoats looted Salem. On another raid they seized the powder in the old powder house on Winter Hill, in Somerville.

About this time the patriots began to store gunpowder, bullets, and pickaxes, besides a goodly amount of food and other supplies, in the village of Concord, twenty miles from Boston.

Secret societies were formed in Boston to watch the movements of the enemy. Picked men walked the streets night and day to learn of any sudden or unusual doings of the soldiers. Meetings were held to which nobody was admitted without having taken oath on the Bible not to reveal anything that was said or done.

One of the leaders of the patriots in and about Boston was the famous Dr. Joseph Warren, who was killed at Bunker Hill. He chose Paul Revere as his right-hand man. Revere was at this time about forty years old.

He was the leader of a band of thirty patriots who served as a vigilance committee. They were all eyes and ears, but as close-mouthed as oysters.

General Gage now laid his plans to send soldiers by night to Concord. He wished to destroy the military supplies and capture Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were known to be in that neighborhood. A British officer told this to a gunsmith, named Jasper, who quickly sent word to Dr. Warren. A hostler named Ballard overheard a redcoat officer say, "There will be the mischief to pay to-morrow." The news was at once sent to Paul Revere. This was in the evening of the eighteenth of April.

The patriots now believed that the long-expected war was going to begin. The Sons of Liberty quickly carried the news to Dr. Warren. He sent for William Dawes and Paul Revere, and planned for them to ride to Lexington to spread the alarm. Paul Revere called on his friend Captain Pulling,

to arrange for a signal from the tower of the Old North Church, that he might know what direction the British troops were taking.

" He said to his friend, ' If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light,
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.' "

Then he said good night and hurried to his boat, which lay near the present Craigie bridge.

Two of his friends went to the boat with him. Out in the Charles River the British man-of-war Somerset lay at anchor. Revere was afraid that the noise of the rowing might alarm the sentries, and sent one of his companions to the house of a friend for something to muffle the oars. The man quickly came back with a petticoat, which a Daughter

of Liberty gave him. Revere and his friends pushed off from the Boston shore only five minutes before General Gage's order went forth to allow nobody to leave the town that night

> " Then he said ' Good night, and with muffled oar
> Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
> Just as the moon rose over the bay,
> Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
> The Somerset, British man-of-war;
> A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
> Across the moon, like a prison bar,
> And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
> By its own reflection in the tide."

Late in the night, under cover of the darkness, eight hundred British regulars went quietly to their boats and were rowed across the Charles River, which in those days widened into a bay extending to the foot of the Common. They had acted with great secrecy, but they did not escape the vigilance of the patriots. Captain Pulling at once made for the Old North Church.

The clocks were striking eleven.

"Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search,
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns."

Springing into the saddle, he dashed off toward Medford.

"Halt!" shouted a sharp voice.

Two British troopers were standing guard under a tree in a narrow part of the road.

Revere wheeled his horse in the nick of time and made his escape into a road which ran over Winter Hill.

"The regulars are coming. The regulars are coming," he shouted as he galloped

down the long hill into Medford. He stopped long enough to wake up Captain Hall, commander of the minutemen.

"Up and arm! The regulars are coming," and the rider galloped swift as the wind along the road to Arlington Centre. At the old Cooper tavern he turned off toward Lexington.

"The regulars are coming. Up and arm!"

Men, women, and children awoke out of their sleep and rushed to the doors only to catch a glimpse of a horse and rider as they vanished out of sight along the dark road.

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

Shortly after midnight Revere reached Lexington and dashed to the house of the

Rev. Jonas Clark, where Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping. Eight men, under the command of Sergeant Munroe, were on guard.

"Don't make so much noise," said Munroe; "everybody is sound asleep."

"Noise?" shouted Revere; "you'll have noise enough before long. The British regulars are coming. I must see Mr. Hancock."

An upper window was raised.

"Never mind, Revere, come in. We are not afraid of you," said the great man, who was now wide awake.

Half an hour later Dawes arrived from his longer ride through Roxbury and other towns. The two tired riders were given something to eat, after which they started toward Concord to spread the alarm. About two miles beyond Lexington they were captured by British officers who were on guard in the woods. Both managed to escape. Revere reached Lexington on foot about the time the first

volley was fired at daybreak on Lexington Common.

The news from Boston spread like wildfire. Guns were fired, and church bells rang out the alarm. Men and boys loaded their guns, put on their powderhorns, filled their pockets with bullets, and marched hurriedly along the country roads toward Lexington.

Before nine o'clock hundreds of minute-men, even as far away as forty miles out of Boston, were on their way to cut off the British regulars that dreadful nineteenth of April, 1775.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

" So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore.

" For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

XX

JOHN SEVIER, AND HOW HE FOUND HIS WIFE

SOME years before the Revolution the people began to go from Virginia and North Carolina into what is now the eastern part of Tennessee. This region was a great forest-clad valley bounded on one side by the Cumberland River and on the other by the Great Smoky and other mountains.

Now the great war trails used by the northern and southern tribes of Indians passed through this country. So we can well see how eager the savages were to attack the pioneers who went there to make their homes.

Whatever else the settlers lacked, there was one thing of which there was enough and to spare. And that was land. For a mere song everybody could have all he

wanted. If the land belonged to an Indian, it could often be obtained for a few glass trinkets or a bottle of rum. But the pioneers of the Tennessee region had to face dangers and hardships without number.

At times they liked to get out of the dull, narrow ways of daily living; and so they had fiddling and dancing, and horse-racing. Corn huskings, house raisings, weddings, and the like would be attended and enjoyed by a whole settlement.

As soon as the little settlements began to grow, preachers came and cast their lot with these frontier people. Log meetinghouses were built here and there. On week days the preacher worked in the field with his people. On Sundays, when they went to church, the men took their rifles, and the preacher had his rifle standing beside the pulpit. In many a fight with the Indians he showed that he could shoot as well as preach long sermons.

Among the pioneers who lived along the Watauga River two stood head and shoulders

above the rest. These two men, not yet thirty years old, were James Robertson and John Sevier. Robertson could not read or write when he was married. His good wife, however, taught him his letters and how to sign his name. He was a mighty hunter, a fearless Indian fighter, and a born leader of men. For the next thirty years these two men played the chief part in the history of the region which grew into the state of Tennessee.

Our story, however, has to do with John Sevier. He was a gentleman by birth, the son of a Frenchman who had settled in Virginia. He received a fine education. During his life he corresponded with Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, and other great men of his time. Sevier was tall and slender, fair-skinned, and blue-eyed, but with the look of one born to command. He was dearly loved by the frontier people for his unselfish deeds and his bravery and skill as a soldier.

Now Sevier began life as an Indian trader,

but soon became known as the most fearless Indian fighter of his time. He was never so much at ease as in a skirmish with the savages. By his quick marches through the thick woods he struck terror to their hearts.

Sevier was known far and wide as Chucky Jack, because he lived in a log house on the Nolichucky River. Here he kept open house to everybody. The settlers felt free to help themselves to his venison, bear meat, fowl, cider, applejack, and hominy. When there was a wedding or any other kind of merrymaking, he used to roast an ox and feed the whole settlement, with his tables spread under the trees.

When Colonel Shelby rode posthaste to Sevier's house just before the battle of King's Mountain, he found Sevier and his people roasting an ox. After the feast and a horse-race Sevier and his merrymakers went over the mountains on their wiry little horses and fought like heroes in winning the most decisive battle of the Revolution.

In the summer of 1776 a terrible war with the Cherokee Indians broke out. At this time there were about six hundred people in the Watauga settlement. A friendly squaw named Nancy Ward gave warning of the approach of the savages. The settlers took to the log forts. The most important of these was at Watauga. Sevier and Robertson were in command. The stockade was crowded with women and children, but there were only about fifty fighting men.

At sunrise one hot July morning an old Cherokee chief, named Abraham, and his braves crept through the underbrush and with war whoops ran toward the stockade.

Bang! bang! bang! cracked the rifles from the loopholes of the fort. The deadly fire of the pioneers drove the Indians back into the woods; but the savages kept up a siege for over three weeks, until some riflemen from a neighboring fort came to the rescue and drove them off.

While the Indians were lurking about, the

people were getting tired of being shut up so close, for the days were long, and the weather was hot. Heedless of danger, the women and children would now and then run out into the woods. One poor boy was captured, carried off, and burnt at the stake. A woman was captured outside the stockade, but Nancy Ward saved her life.

One day during the siege the women found one of their number missing.

"Where is Catherine Sherrill?" cried somebody; "I have not seen her since sunrise."

"Does anybody know where Kate is?" cried her father, as he stood, rifle in hand, at a loophole.

The women and children looked for the girl, but no Kate could be found.

"I heard her say last night," said one young woman, "that she was tired of being penned up in the fort, and was going out into the woods to pick wild flowers."

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl's mother; "the

Indians have captured her by this time. Oh, what shall I do? "

"Look, James! Who is that running so fast?" said Sevier to Robertson, both of whom were keeping a sharp lookout for the redskins.

"Bless my eyes! That is Kate Sherrill, our missing girl."

Running toward the fort was the girl with half a dozen yelling Indians close to her, but between her and the big oak gate. She ran toward another part of the stockade. Sevier at once hurried in that direction. With a leap the girl caught the top of the pickets, drew herself up, and the next moment tumbled, out of breath, into the arms of the pioneer.

The bold Indian fighter could not resist the charms of the lovely girl, nor could she forget the face of the finest-looking young man in Tennessee, who had saved her from a bad fall. At all events, three years later she became his wife.

"I would take a leap like that every day," said Catherine in her old age, "to fall into the arms of a man like John Sevier."

After getting the better of the Indians in more than thirty fights, John Sevier lived for many years. When Tennessee was admitted into the Union, he was elected its first governor. Afterwards he was sent to Washington as a member of Congress.

One sentence on his monument at Nashville tells the story of his life:

> "He served his country faithfully for forty years, and in that service died."

XXI

FRONTIER LIFE IN INDIANA

MORE than one hundred years ago a goodly slice of what was known as the Northwest Territory was set apart as the territory of Indiana. General Harrison, the famous Indian fighter, and afterward the ninth president of the United States, was appointed governor.

Shortly after General Harrison came to Indiana to take charge of affairs, a new and strange trouble with the Indians began. A certain Shawnee Indian named Loud Voice called himself a prophet. He said the Great Spirit would protect him, so that he could not be killed. Soon a band of outcast savages looked on him as a great chief.

"Do what I tell you to do," he said to

them, "and no white man's bullet will ever do you harm. You will win in every battle and drive the palefaces away from our land."

Now the prophet was only the tool of his brother, the famous Tecumseh, one of the greatest Indians that ever lived. At this time Tecumseh was planning to unite the Indians of this region in a general war against the pioneers, and the story of the prophet spread like wildfire from one tribe to another. Hundreds of the redskins believed that he could make them bullet-proof, shield them from wounds and death, and make them win in battle.

For several years they prepared for war; but General Harrison defeated them in the famous battle of Tippecanoe.

Two years afterward the brave Tecumseh was killed in the battle of the Thames. As for the prophet, he was never heard of after the death of his famous brother.

During the years of cruel wars with the Indians, the pioneers in the deep woods and

on the broad prairies of Indiana lived in dread night and day. By hard toil the lonely settler would clear a few acres to raise corn, potatoes, and other things for his family. When he went to work in the field, he kept his rifle on the ground near him, while in his belt he carried pistols and a long knife.

At night a dog was on guard in the cabin, while another lay outside. If the dog outdoors barked, the dog inside did the same and so woke up the family. The cabin had portholes, so that the settler could fire his gun from inside with little or no risk of exposure.

Both men and women were trained to the use of guns from their childhood. A boy of twelve received a rifle and became a soldier in the stockade. A loophole was given him from which he was to shoot when the savages came.

The pistols and guns of those days were single-barreled and loaded at the muzzle. They were clumsy affairs, with small bore

and flintlock. Often the flint would not strike fire and the lock had to be snapped several times. The rifles were heavy, with a long barrel and a short stock. But in the hands of a sturdy pioneer this clumsy weapon was deadly, and the Indians had a great dread of it.

In one of the stockades along the Indian frontier, a pioneer tells us, were gathered a hundred people who had fled there for refuge. After a long and hard siege the fighting force was reduced to three men. For three weeks they slept in their clothes. No household work was done. Food was cooked and put where those who were hungry could help themselves.

After the fight was over, this pioneer, who was then a boy, went, with an armed escort of twenty men, to the nearest settlement to prove his father's will. The father had been killed by the Indians a few months before. Twenty-three widows were at the log courthouse to look after the property of their

husbands, all of whom had been killed by the savages within a year.

The early settlers of Indiana had to fight other pests than the Indians. The wolves, foxes, and lynxes killed and ate their sheep, lambs, and pigs. The squirrels and raccoons laid waste their cornfields. Then there were the rattlesnakes and the copperheads.

Besides all these was the suffering from chills and fever. Almost every family in the region suffered from some form of ague, now commonly known as malaria. Very few pioneers could spare the time to quit work and go to bed when stricken with this disease. The sturdy backwoodsman plowed his land, and the good wife cooked the meals over the open fire, shaking with chills or burning with fever. Indeed, these people came to regard an attack of ague as a matter of course, and often made grim jokes about it.

The story is told of a young man who went out one day in search of a cow. He found

one of his neighbors sitting on a log in the woods with his rifle across his knees.

"Hello, Jim, what on earth are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for my chill to go off, so I can shoot the gray squirrel on that tree," replied the victim; and he pointed with shaking fingers to a bushy tail on the topmost branch of an oak.

As the story goes, the young fellow took the sick man's rifle and shot the squirrel for him.

Such were the men and women who laid the foundation stones of our great states in what was then the West. There is nothing in romance more interesting or instructive than the story of the life of our forefathers.

XXII

HOW GOLD WAS FOUND IN CALIFORNIA

"HURRAH, boys! I really believe I have found gold. Just take a look at the yellow stuff I have here."

"Say, boss, what's the matter with you anyway? Are you crazy?"

"Not at all. Let me show you. We are in luck this time."

"Don't tell us any more of your fairy stories. You are out of your head from thinking too much of your old sawmill. No such luck for us poor fellows."

This conversation took place in the year 1849. A dozen or more men were building a sawmill in California. It was on a branch of the American River, about forty miles from what is now Sacramento. The day's

work was done, and the men were sitting round the open fire in the log shanty in which they slept. They took the subject of the gold mine as a joke. After poking a little fun at their companion, they slipped off to bed and thought no more about it.

A few years before this a Swiss, known as Captain Sutter, had received a large tract of land in what is now California. At this time the region belonged to Mexico. Mr. Sutter soon became a rich man. He had hundreds of cattle, sheep, horses, and mules. He even had a company of soldiers to guard a fort which he built near the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers.

Captain Sutter was in need of lumber with which to build houses and to fence his farms. So he sent one of his men, by the name of Marshall, with carpenters to build a sawmill on the American River.

Mr. Marshall built the mill and then dug a mill race to carry the water to run it.

One day he was walking along the mill race

after the water had been shut off. In a heap of gravel and sand at the end of it he saw some dull yellow specks. He picked up a few handfuls of the stuff, washed the dirt out of it, and carried it to the cabin. He then put it on a rock and hammered it. The specks did not break, but changed their shape.

"These specks are gold," said Marshall to himself. "I must tell the boys about it, and to-morrow I'll go down to the fort and show Captain Sutter what I have found. How astonished he will be!"

Early the next day Mr. Marshall started for Fort Sutter.

"I must see you alone," he said to his employer; "I have something to show you. Please lock the door."

Marshall then took a little packet from his pocket and spread the shining dust on the table.

"There, Captain Sutter! Surely that is gold, although the boys at the mill said I

was crazy. What do you think? I found it in the mill race."

Captain Sutter knew the tests for gold, for he had been a miner. The glittering dust stood the test.

The captain was not pleased. He said that a mob of men would dig up his land and lay waste his wheat fields in their mad rush for gold. The two men tried their best to keep matters a secret. It could not be done. It would have been about as easy to keep the wind from blowing.

"Gold! Gold!" cried one poor fellow, holding up a bottle full of gold dust, and running like a madman through the streets of San Francisco. "Gold! Gold! from the American River."

Then began a wild rush for this region. Men from far and near left their homes, their shops, their pulpits, in the mad chase after riches. Some tramped overland across the plains and over the mountains. Others sailed round Cape Horn, or went by the way

of Panama. Thousands endured all manner of hardships to reach the land where riches might be dug out of the earth. Many sold all they had to get money to buy mining tools and food until they could find gold. The moment a ship dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, the sailors ran away to the mines. Vessels were even hauled up on the mud flats and made into houses.

During the next year more than a hundred thousand gold hunters from every part of the world hurried to California. No such tidal wave of people to any section of our country had ever been known before. Gold had indeed been found. So rich was the sand along some of the rivers that the first miners made a thousand dollars a day, even with the crudest of tools. It is said that within five years gold was found to the value of several hundred millions of dollars.

The wonderful stories of lucky strikes read more like fairy tales than the plain truth.

One day a miner stopped to drink at a roadside spring and found at his feet a nugget of gold that weighed twenty pounds. Another man while tramping along a well-known trail found a fifty-pound nugget. A poor fellow was driving his mule through the street; his wheel struck a stone; he jumped down to roll it out of the way, and found a nugget of gold worth hundreds of dollars. Another man happened to turn a rock over and found beneath it enough gold dust to fill his hat.

Some of the gravel banks along the rivers were rich in the metal. One place was called Tin Cup because a cupful of gold could be picked up every day for weeks at a time. One panful of earth from the Feather River was sold for fifteen hundred dollars.

A miner sweeping his shanty saw specks of gold glittering in the earth floor, and discovered rich diggings right under his feet. Thereupon the neighboring miners dug up their floors. One man, it is said, found

twenty thousand dollars' worth of the metal inside his cabin.

For a long time gold dust was used in a crude sort of way as money. What could be pinched between the thumb and finger passed among the shopkeepers for a dollar. A teaspoonful of the precious stuff was worth sixteen dollars.

Of course all these thousands of gold hunters had to have something to eat. Food of all kinds was scarce and high. Eggs cost ten dollars a dozen. Milk was a dollar a pint. Potatoes cost fifty cents each. A dish of pork and beans was served up for a dollar and a half at some shanty called a hotel. Men who had been prosperous at home were glad to cook their own food.

It was a rough life, full of danger, hardship, and suffering. A few became rich and returned home in safety. Hundreds of others died from exposure and sickness.

The gold these men took from the earth made California famous the world over. But

rich as the state is in the gold dug out of its soil, its real wealth lies in its fields of grain, in its sheep and cattle, in its vineyards, in its orange plantations, and above all else in the enterprise and industry of its people.

XXIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809, in a little log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky. He was named Abraham for his grandfather, who had been killed by the Indians many years before.

The boy's mother was beautiful, gentle, and refined. She was known as the neatest housekeeper in that region. She was of deep religious feeling, and devoted to her family. She could use the ax and the hoe, as well as the spinning wheel. She was a good shot with the rifle, and could not only kill wild game, but dress the skins and make clothes of them.

In cold and stormy weather the good mother used to read stories from the Bible to her

little boy. While he was still a mere slip of a child, she taught him to read the stories for himself.

When Abe was seven years old, the family moved to Indiana. It was less than one hundred miles from the old to the new home. Yet it was a long and hard trip. There were only a few roads. Often the little party had to cut a path for themselves through the thick underbrush.

In Indiana they lived in a log shanty of the poorest sort. It had only three sides, one side being open to the weather. Such a cabin was known as a half-faced camp. There was no door or window, not even a floor or a chimney. In winter a buffalo skin was hung up to keep out the cold.

The young boy slept in a little loft above the main room. There was no stairway. Wooden pegs driven into the logs served as stairs to climb to his sleeping place. His bed was a pile of dry leaves in a corner.

As for the clothes that the boy wore, they

were of the plainest kind. His cap for winter was coonskin. In summer he had a straw hat without a band. He wore deerskin breeches, held up by one suspender. His shirt was deerskin or homespun. He did not have stockings. His shoes were cowhide or moccasins. About half the year he went barefoot.

No wonder that Lincoln used to say in after years, in speaking of his boyhood days in Indiana, "Those were pretty pinching times."

After a while Mr. Lincoln and his boy went to work and built a new and better log cabin. There was one room below and a loft above, and a door hung at the doorway. They had a table hewn out of a log, with four stout sticks for legs. For chairs they had three-legged stools.

With the rough outdoor life young Abe grew to be a tall, strong young man. He could drive a span of horses, handle a plow or sickle, thresh wheat with a flail, chop down

trees, and clear a field for planting corn. To get a little money, he would sometimes hire out to work for the neighbors.

Shortly after their moving to Indiana, Mrs. Lincoln's health began to fail from the hardships of pioneer life. She took to her bed and soon after died. She was buried under a big sycamore tree not far from her home. It was Abe's first and greatest sorrow. He dearly loved his mother. Years afterward, when he became famous, he once said to a friend, with tears in his eyes, "All that I am and ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Not long after this the people in the little pioneer settlement made up their minds to have a school. First they must have a schoolhouse. The men met, cut down trees, and built a log cabin. A huge stone fireplace filled one side of the room. There was no floor except the hard dirt, and only one window. Instead of glass, strips of oiled paper were pasted across the opening. School desks

were not then known. Rough logs split in halves served as seats.

School continued only for a few weeks, in the winter, when there was little or no work for the boys at home. Study began at sunrise and closed at sunset, and Lincoln had to walk a mile and a half each way.

Young Abe went to this school for two or three terms. All his school days put together would not make more than a year. Well might he say, as he said when president, that he went to school "by littles."

Meanwhile he was learning in another way. This was his own school of hard work, self-denial, and the use of every spare moment. He had from his mother a desire for good books. We may be sure that books of any sort were hard to find on the frontier. What few the lad could get he read until he knew them by heart.

"He read everything he could lay his hands on," said his stepmother.

Abe read and reread the Bible, Æsop's

"Fables," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" until he could repeat whole pages from them. During the dreadful days of the war the sad-faced president would free his mind from worry by repeating from memory whole chapters from Isaiah and the New Testament.

Once a neighbor named Crawford lent the boy Weems's "Life of Washington," a popular and readable book of that time. Abe read the book in his loft, by the light of a tallow candle. Having no bookcase, he used to put the book between two logs of the cabin. One night there came a storm, and the book was wet through. Early the next morning the boy carried it back to the owner.

"Mr. Crawford, your book is ruined. I have no money, but I will work for you until I have paid for it."

"Well, Abe, you are an honest lad. I'll be easy with you. Come over and husk corn for three days and the book is yours."

And so the boy helped the farmer for three days and became the owner of the prized book. In his droll way Lincoln used to tell how he would be plowing and then sit on the rail fence and read this book while the horses were resting. From this time Washington was his ideal hero, the one great man whom he admired all his life.

Like so many other boys, Abe liked to do sums in arithmetic. He used the back of a wooden fire shovel for a slate, and a burnt stick of wood for a pencil. In this rude way he learned to do sums by the light of the fireplace. When the shovel was full of figures, he scraped it to erase the work.

One day two men came along and asked to be rowed to a flatboat in the Ohio River. The boy did the rowing. Each man threw him a silver half dollar. Never before had he possessed so much money at one time. In speaking of this incident Lincoln said, "I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. I was a

more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

When Lincoln was about nineteen years old, he took his first trip into the world. A neighbor hired him to go with his son to carry produce on a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans, more than eighteen hundred miles away. In that distant Southern city he saw new sights and had new experiences.

In the spring of 1830 the family, with some relatives, moved from Indiana to Illinois, and settled near the town of Decatur.

Abe was now past twenty-one years of age, and decided to begin life on his own account. He was six feet four inches tall and as strong as a young giant. It was said that he could carry as much as three ordinary men. Some of his feats are almost beyond belief.

He began for himself as a farm hand, working for different people. He chopped wood, split rails, or did whatever was to be done. Needing a suit of clothes, he agreed with a Mrs. Miller to split four hundred fence rails

to pay her for each yard of brown homespun, which was to be richly dyed with walnut bark.

Unlike most young men of his time, Lincoln was free from bad habits. He did not use strong drink. Nor was he known to speak a profane word. At the same time there was no cant about him. All his life long he was noted for his droll stories, his wit, and his practical jokes; but he never forgot what he had learned from his mother in his early years: to love truth, to be honest and upright in his dealings with men, and to reverence God.

Many stories have been told to show how honest he was. From his boyhood to the day of his death he was known to the plain people of the country as Honest Abe Lincoln, or, for short, Honest Abe. Indeed, these words have been woven into American speech for all that is just and honest in man.

When Lincoln was clerking in a store, he discovered one morning that he had given a

woman four ounces of tea less than was due her. He weighed out the balance and carried it to her without waiting for his breakfast. At another time, in making up his accounts, he found that he had charged a man six and a fourth cents too much. He closed the store and tramped some six miles out of the village to return the money.

Lincoln was too fond of study to keep a village store for his life work. At one time he was postmaster and carried round the letters in his hat. Then he studied surveying, and with the money he earned he began to study law. Soon the tall, homely young lawyer, with his droll stories and his ready wit, became known throughout the region for his honesty and his knowledge of law.

At twenty-five he was elected to the legislature. He bought a new suit of homespun, and then, being too poor to ride, tramped a hundred miles to the state capital. Twelve years later the people sent him to Washing-

ton as a member of Congress. He soon came to the front as an orator and debater.

In the critical period of 1860, when a new president of the United States was to be elected, the choice of the people was for "Honest Abe," "the rail splitter of Illinois." Shortly after his election, the terrible war for the Union broke out.

Lincoln showed himself a great, wise, and patient leader in the deadly conflict that followed. The deep and abiding faith that the plain people had in him was touching and matchless. In 1865, when serving his second term as president, he lost his life from the bullet of an assassin. The whole nation mourned his death.

XXIV

LINCOLN AND THE SLEEPING SENTINEL

IT was a rainy morning in September, 1861, the first year of the Civil War. Judge Chittenden, the register of the Treasury, found a party of soldiers waiting for him when he reached his office in the Treasury Building, near the White House. The blue-coats were much excited, and all talking at the same time. One of them wore the bars of a captain.

"Boys," said Mr. Chittenden, "what are you talking about? I cannot understand you. Let your captain speak. Tell me what you want. What can I do for you?"

These soldiers belonged to the 3d Vermont regiment, made up mostly of farm boys from

the Green Mountains. Since their arrival in Washington they had been stationed at Chain Bridge, some three miles above Georgetown. At this time Chain Bridge across the Potomac was of vital importance; for on it depended the safety of the capital.

The Confederates occupied the southern approach to the bridge. The Union troops commanded the hills of Maryland on the opposite side. There had been no fighting. Indeed, the opposing forces had grown friendly. They used to tell each other stories and exchange tobacco, daily papers, and other things until they seemed like friends rather than enemies.

It was getting to be too much for General Smith, the commander of the bluecoats. This man, commonly known as Baldy Smith, was a stern soldier. He now gave out some strict orders. Among them was one to the effect that a sentinel caught sleeping at his post was to be shot within twenty-four hours.

According to the story told to Judge Chit-

tenden by the captain, a boy named William Scott had enlisted in Company K. Brought up on a farm and used to hard work, he needed a goodly amount of sleep. Although not used to camp life, he had taken the place of a sick comrade, and passed the night on guard. As it happened, he was himself detailed for picket duty the very next night. The young fellow could not keep awake for two nights in succession. When the relief guard came round, he was found asleep. He was arrested, tried by court-martial, and found guilty. He was to be shot within twenty-four hours.

"I promised his mother," continued the captain, "that I would look after him as if he were my own son. I was stupid not to listen to the boy when he told me that he had fallen asleep during the day, and said he could not keep awake the second night. I ought to have sent somebody else, but I let him go to his death. If anybody is to be shot, I am the fellow. You will help me,

Judge, won't you?" he pleaded, with tears in his eyes.

"There is only one man on earth who can save your comrade. It is well for you that he is the best man in the whole country. Come with me. We will go to President Lincoln."

Out of the Treasury Building and over to the White House they went, with the stately judge at their head; then up the stairway to a little office, where they found the president busily writing. Lincoln was the first to speak.

"What is this? Do you want a furlough to go home and vote? You cannot have it. I could not get a furlough for myself if I asked for it."

"Mr. President," said Judge Chittenden, "these men want nothing for themselves. They are Green Mountain boys of the 3d Vermont; they are good soldiers. They want something which you alone can give them. They want the life of a comrade."

"What has he done?"

"Tell him," whispered the judge to the captain.

"I cannot; I cannot do it. You can do it so much better."

"No, no," said Chittenden, pushing the officer to a place in front of Lincoln's desk; "the life of Scott depends on you; tell your story."

The young captain began to stammer when he met the gaze of the great man before him. Overcoming his diffidence, he told the story in a plain, simple manner. The eager words bursting from the lips of the young officer stirred the blood of his hearers. He finished by asking for his comrade's life.

"William Scott, sir, is as brave a boy as there is in your army; he is no coward. The mountains of Vermont are the home of thirty thousand men who voted for Abraham Lincoln. They will not say the best thing to do is to shoot this young fellow like a traitor, and bury him like a dog. Can you say it, Mr. President?"

"No, I cannot."

The face of the great president was a study. It took on a soft, sad, and touching look. There seemed to be a mist in the depths of his eyes. It was only for a moment; then he broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Do you Green Mountain boys fight as well as you talk? If you do, I do not wonder at the stories I used to read about Colonel Ethan Allen.

"Captain," went on Mr. Lincoln, "I do not believe a brave, honest soldier, knowing no crime save sleeping when he was over-tired, ought to be shot. The country has better uses for him. No, your boy shall not be shot; that is, not to-morrow, and not till I know more about his case. I will attend to this matter myself. I have wanted to go out to Chain Bridge for some time. I will do so to-day. Good day, gentlemen."

Later in the day President Lincoln was seen riding from the White House out to Georgetown, and in the direction of Chain Bridge.

Within a day or so the newspapers reported that a soldier sentenced to death for sleeping at his post had been pardoned by the president, and had returned to his regiment.

It was a long time before Scott would speak of his interview with President Lincoln. One day he told a comrade the whole story.

"I knew the president at once," he said, "by a Lincoln medal I had long worn. I was scared at first, for I had never talked with a great man before. He asked me all about the folks at home, my brothers and sisters, and where I went to school, and how I liked it. Then he asked me about my mother. I showed him her picture. He said that if he were in my place he would try to make a fond mother happy, and never cause her a sorrow or a tear.

"'My boy,' he said, 'you are not going to be shot. You are going back to your regiment. I have been put to a good deal of trouble on your account. Now what I want

to know is how you are going to pay me back. My bill is a large one; there is only one man in all the world who can pay it; his name is William Scott. If from this day you will promise to do your whole duty as a soldier, then the debt will be paid. Will you make that promise, and try to keep it?' "

Gladly the young Vermont soldier made the promise, and well did he keep it. From that day William Scott, the boy soldier, became the model man of his regiment. He was never absent from roll call. He was always on hand if there was any hard work to be done. He worked nights in the hospital, nursing the sick and wounded, because it trained him to keep awake. He made a record for himself on picket duty. As a scout, he became well known in the army. He refused all offers of promotion, saying that he had done nothing to deserve it.

Some time after this the 3d Vermont went into one of its many hard battles. The men were ordered to dash across a small stream,

HE CARRIED A WOUNDED CAPTAIN ACROSS THE RIVER TO A PLACE OF SAFETY. *Page* 171.

charge up the bank, and clean out the rifle pits of the enemy.

The Vermonters were finally forced to retreat, leaving nearly half their number dead or wounded, in the river or on the opposite shore. William Scott of Company K was the first to reach the bank of the river, the first to jump into the rifle pits, and the last to retreat. He carried a wounded captain across the river to a place of safety. He was carrying a wounded soldier across when he fell, shot to pieces. His comrades carried him out of the line of fire, and laid him on the grass to die. He lived long enough to be put on a cot in the field hospital.

"Boys, I shall never see another battle. I thought this would be my last. Tell President Lincoln I have tried to be a good soldier and be true to the flag. Thank him again because he gave me a chance to die like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward by the hands of my comrades."

Company K buried William Scott in a

grove just in the rear of the camp, at the foot of a big oak tree. Deep into the oak they cut the initials "W. S." and under it the words "A brave soldier."

A few weeks afterward Judge Chittenden told President Lincoln of the death of young Scott.

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Lincoln, with a look of tenderness. "And so he is dead, and he sent me a word. I am truly sorry he is dead, for he was a good boy. Too good a boy to be shot for falling asleep when he could not help it."

XXV

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG

THE summer of 1863 was perhaps the gloomiest period of the whole Civil War. In the great battle of Chancellorsville, fought early in May, the Federal forces under "Fighting Joe" Hooker met the worst defeat they were to suffer during the war. The victory was dearly won by the Confederates, for Stonewall Jackson, their ablest general next to Lee, was mortally wounded and died in a few days. As events proved, the battle of Chancellorsville marked the zenith of the Confederate success.

Flushed with victory, Lee now made ready to lead his army into Pennsylvania. He planned to draw the Army of the Potomac in pursuit, and thus rid Virginia of the Union

forces. If he could only defeat Hooker again, the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington would be at his mercy, and he could dictate peace on Northern soil. If an invasion of the North was ever to be made, now was the time.

Just a month after Chancellorsville, he began to move his army of 75,000 veterans toward the Shenandoah Valley. Three weeks later the three main divisions of the army, under Ewell, Hill, and Longstreet, had crossed the Potomac into western Maryland. Shortly afterward Lee's whole army had crossed the Pennsylvania line, and was advancing rapidly into the heart of the North.

The Army of the Potomac had fought bravely, only to meet with disaster and defeat. Even now the ablest officers could not believe that the gallant Hooker was the man to cope with Lee and his victorious army.

The people of the North were thus threatened with the horrors of war on their own soil. The situation was critical enough to

dismay the stoutest heart. The country was wild with all kinds of rumors. In towns and villages north of Mason and Dixon's line there was great excitement. Newspapers were eagerly read for the latest news. The people of southeastern Pennsylvania hurried away their horses, cattle, and sheep, to places of safety. Silverware, money, and other valuables were hid to save them from the enemy. Men, women, and children fled before the invaders, carrying their household goods across the Susquehanna.

President Lincoln called for 100,000 militia from the four states most in danger. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania called for 60,000 men, "to defend their soil, their families, and their firesides." Thirty regiments from Pennsylvania and nineteen regiments from New York rallied to the defense of Harrisburg. On a single day it was estimated that 14,000 men in Pittsburg were at work with pickaxes and shovels in throwing up intrenchments for the defense of the city.

The hopes of an anxious people rested on the Army of the Potomac. Keeping to the east of the Blue Ridge, and constantly covering Washington, Hooker followed sharply on Lee's right flank. On June 27 he had led his army across the Potomac and made his headquarters at Frederick, in Maryland. After some disagreement with the authorities at Washington, he asked to be relieved. The command was then given to General George G. Meade.

Meanwhile a scout had brought word to General Lee that the Army of the Potomac was rapidly marching northward. The Confederate commander now ordered Ewell, Longstreet, and Hill to concentrate their forces; for he saw that his communication with Virginia might be cut off at any moment, and that it would not be safe to advance farther until he had turned back and met his foe.

On taking command General Meade had acted promptly. His main thought was " to

find and fight the enemy." He at once pushed northward. On the evening of June 30 the first corps, under the command of General Reynolds, had crossed into Pennsylvania. The movement of the Union army was toward Harrisburg, the object being to fight the invading army at the earliest possible moment.

The two great armies, the extreme portions of which were more than forty miles apart, were now rapidly moving toward each other. The natural meeting place would be the town of Gettysburg, into which roads led from various directions.

Gettsyburg stands on a kind of plain, among several ranges of hills running nearly north and south. The range south of the town, called Cemetery Ridge, bends round not unlike a fishhook. Several small hills rise from this range; among them is Round Top and Little Round Top on the south, Cemetery Hill at the bend of the fishhook, and Culp's Hill near the barb. Half a mile

or so west of the town is another range known as Seminary Ridge.

On June 30 General Buford, who had been sent with 4000 cavalry to check Lee's advance guard, passed through Gettysburg and camped on Seminary Ridge.

The next morning there was a sharp fight between Buford's men and the Confederates led by Hill. Reynolds soon joined Buford, Longstreet joined Hill, and the battle became general. About ten o'clock Reynolds received a sharpshooter's bullet and fell dead. His death was a calamity indeed, but it did not stay the fury of the battle. The Union forces were gradually pressed back toward Gettysburg with great loss.

When General Meade heard of the death of Reynolds, he sent Hancock to take command until he himself could reach the field. Hancock rode at full speed and reached the battle field about four o'clock. His presence restored order and inspired confidence. The

main part of the army withdrew to a position on Cemetery Ridge.

The men slept that night among the gravestones. They were too tired to think of anything but their much needed rest. Thus ended the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. The Confederates had won the day.

XXVI

GETTYSBURG TURNS THE TIDE OF WAR

THROUGH that hot July night the other divisions of the two great armies were rapidly marching toward Gettysburg. It was felt that here a decisive battle would be fought.

The next morning showed the two hostile armies about a mile apart, ready for the deadly struggle. The Union line, about six miles long, was arranged on Cemetery Ridge. Cannon had been placed on the rocky crest of the hill, and fresh troops had worked all night in throwing up earthworks. The Confederates, hidden by the woods, were stationed in a huge semicircle, five or six miles in length, on Seminary Ridge.

It was not until the afternoon that the two

mighty armies began the dreadful combat. Most of the fighting took place on the two wings. Longstreet, with a battle line a mile and a half long, surged like a mighty tide against the left wing of the Union army; Ewell, on the enemy's right, made a grand assault on Culp's Hill and captured it.

A terrific hand-to-hand battle was now fought for the possession of Little Round Top. This was really the key to the situation. If the Confederates captured it, they could shell the Union army out of its strong position. Bayonets were crossed, muskets were clubbed, and stones were hurled in the fierce struggle. The Union troops at last took and held the hill, and placed a strong battery on its top.

General Lee thus summed up the result of the second day's fighting: "We attempted to dislodge the enemy, and though we gained some ground, we were unable to get possession of his position."

The harvest of death was appalling. In

the two days' fighting 40,000 men had been killed or wounded. The result was still in doubt. A feeling of gloom filled the hearts of the Union troops. During the night a council of war was called, and it was decided "to stay and fight it out." On the same night Lee called a council of his generals, and they decided to try to break through the Union center.

On the morning of the third day the people of Gettysburg were awakened by the sound of guns. The Union artillery was bombarding Culp's Hill. After four hours of fighting, Stonewall Jackson's troops were dislodged, and once more the Union line was intact. Lee must now retreat or try to pierce the Union ranks.

For two hours a wonderful stillness brooded over the great battle field. The birds sang, and the wearied men rested beneath the trees. Old soldiers tell us that the sheep and cattle were quietly grazing in the rich pastures of the valley between the two armies.

But the stillness only served to sharpen man's fears. It was only the calm that precedes the storm.

In the early afternoon the silence was broken by the roar of more than a hundred cannon, which the Confederates had massed on Seminary Ridge. The crest of the hill was a line of fire. The shot and shell were directed against Cemetery Ridge.

Meade replied with eighty cannon, all that could well be used in the narrower space. The air was full of missiles. The hills seemed shaken to their very base. The sky appeared to rain fire and iron.

The batteries on both sides suffered severely. Riderless horses ran hither and thither. The dead lay in heaps. The Union soldiers were partly protected by stone walls, rocks, trees, and earthworks. Fortunately most of the enemy's guns were elevated too much and swept the open ground in the rear.

For nearly two hours the storm raged. Suddenly the Union cannon stopped their

fire. The ammunition was running low, and the over-heated guns must be allowed to cool. At the same time preparations needed to be made for the more deadly combat that was sure to follow; for everybody knew, from General Meade to the humblest private, that the object of the artillery fire was to break the Union lines and prepare the way for a charge of infantry.

Believing that he had silenced the Union batteries, General Lee now made ready to send a division of Longstreet's veterans, under General Pickett, to pierce the Federal center on Cemetery Ridge.

General Longstreet did not believe that the movement could succeed. It was his duty, however, to obey his chief. He rode with Pickett to the crest of Seminary Ridge and showed him what he was expected to do.

The decisive moment was at hand.

"Come quickly, or my ammunition will not let me support you properly," was the word sent to Pickett by the chief of artillery.

"Shall I advance?" asked Pickett of Longstreet.

The Confederate general could not speak; he simply nodded his head, and burst into tears.

"Sir," said Pickett grimly, "I shall lead my division forward."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Pickett, at the head of 15,000 men, the flower of the Confederate infantry, rode over the woody crest of Seminary Ridge and began his march down the slope.

"As he passed me," wrote Longstreet, "he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear, and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed a holiday soldier."

In double column, with banners flying and bayonets glittering, those 13,000 well-tried soldiers of the Southern army marched forward steadily and in perfect order into the open plain.

"There they come, there they come,"

shouted the boys in blue, while they gazed across the plain, and watched in breathless admiration and suspense the long gray lines advancing, as if on parade, across the valley.

Flat on the ground and gripping their muskets, the Union men in grim silence lay waiting for the charge.

When the Confederate columns were halfway across the plain, the Union cannon opened a fire of shot and shell. On, on, the gray-clad veterans swept, like a huge tidal wave. Now the Union guns poured in a storm of canister. The left wing of the charging lines staggered. Great gaps were torn in their ranks. They faltered but for a moment. The gaps were filled with living men. When they came within musket range, the Union infantry opened a galling fire. Pickett's gallant soldiers only quickened their pace, and returned volley for volley.

General Hancock, with reckless bravery, rode everywhere along the Union line. A

shot, which proved to be a tenpenny nail, hit him, and he fell from his horse. Raising himself on his elbow, he shouted, "Go in, boys, and give it to them on the flank."

A gap had opened up between the Virginia troops in the center and the Alabama men on the right. Stannard's famous Vermont brigade and part of a New York brigade charged into the opening, and turned on the Virginians.

No soldiers, however brave, could endure such deadly cross fire. Many were killed or taken, many were driven back or crowded in on the center. A little later, reversing his front, Stannard attacked the Alabama troops on the flank and captured many men and many standards.

Since Stannard's Vermonters were new troops and had been stationed near Washington, the veterans nicknamed them the "paper collar" brigade, some of the men having been seen wearing paper collars. After this famous

flank movement, and the savage fighting that followed, the nickname was never again applied to them.

Two of the Confederate brigades, led by General Armistead, dashed up the slope to the very muzzles of the cannon, leaving a long line of dead and dying men behind them. In the last assault these brave fellows, men as brave as ever faced death, pushed up to Hancock's lines and across them.

"Give them cold steel, boys," shouted the gallant Armistead, leaping over the stone wall, and waving his hat on the end of his sword. The next instant he fell mortally wounded. True to his promise, a standard bearer named Tyler planted his colors on the crest of the hill. For one moment the Confederate flag waved on Cemetery Ridge. The next instant the standard bearer and his standard went down together.

Every Union officer in every battery but one was killed or wounded. Among them was young Cushing, a brother of the hero who

captured the Albemarle. He was almost cut in two, but holding his body together with one hand, he continued the fight.

"General Webb," he cried, "I will give them one more shot."

He fired once, and calling out "Good-by," fell dead at the post of duty.

In their wild charge the brave Virginians had fallen into a death trap. From three sides Hancock's men poured in volleys of musketry on the wavering lines, and then charged bayonets. Hundreds were shot dead; hundreds were wounded; hundreds threw down their arms and rushed into the Federal lines. Regiments seemed to melt away and disappear like snowflakes on running water. Two thirds of Pickett's men were dead, wounded, or captured.

With a heart full of anguish the intrepid Pickett gave the order to retreat. The fragments of that valiant band, which only an hour before had advanced so proudly and with such high hopes of victory, now fled down the

hill and sought refuge among their comrades on Seminary Ridge.

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was one of the most daring the world has ever seen. It failed because the odds were too great.

The next morning, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the Union flag waved over the field of Gettysburg. When the news was flashed to the North, there was no wild rejoicing, for more than 23,000 of her soldiers lay dead or wounded.

On the spot reached by Armistead, where he leaped the stone wall and laid his hands on a Union cannon, stands a monument to commemorate the repulse of Pickett's desperate charge. A large, open book, supported on two pyramids of bronze cannon balls, rests on a granite base. Across the open book in letters of bronze are the words "High-Water Mark of the Rebellion."

XXVII

OLD ABE, THE SOLDIER BIRD OF WISCONSIN

SOLDIERS often take pet animals and birds to war. Thus, in the war in Crimea, the Russians frequently carried cats on their knapsacks when marching or fighting. The poor things used to sleep on their masters' shoulders. They were sometimes found dead on the battle field.

During our war for the Union a drummer from Wisconsin had a tame squirrel for a pet. It was taught to dance to martial music and to spin round the rim of its master's drum. A regiment from Pennsylvania had a little black and tan dog named Jack, which was in twenty battles. He was taken prisoner several times, and kept for a long while in a Southern prison. A Minnesota regiment had

a young bear, which was in half a dozen battles, but came home safe. Many other pets, such as foxes, rabbits, coons, and badgers, were kept by the soldiers to pass away the dull hours of camp life.

Of all the pets that the soldiers had during the Civil War, the great eagle carried by a Wisconsin regiment was more generally known than any other. Its name was Old Abe. It was also known as the "soldier bird of Wisconsin."

One bright morning in the early spring of 1861, the first year of the war, a young Chippewa Indian named Chief Sky was hunting in the northern woods of Wisconsin. He spied an eagle's nest on a tall pine tree. To make sure of his prize, he cut the tree down and caught the two young eagles when they rolled out of the nest and were running to hide in the grass.

One eagle died from the fall. Sky took the other home and built a nest for it in a tree near his wigwam. The Indian children

were much pleased with their new pet. After a time the eaglet used to sit in the grass and watch the children play with the dogs.

Now Chief Sky was poor. One day when he went to the village to sell maple sugar and moccasins, he took the young eagle along and sold him to a farmer for a bushel of corn. The farmer brought the bird to Eau Claire. At this time the little town was astir with men going to the war.

"Here's a new recruit for you, boys," shouted the farmer to the soldiers.

"It's a live eagle. Hurrah for the eagle!" cried the boys in blue.

"Hurrah for the eagle!" shouted the soldiers; "it's a bird of freedom. Let us swear him into the army."

After looking at the eagle's eyes, beak, wings, and plumage, a trade was quickly made with the farmer, and the soldiers voted to accept "the new recruit from Chippewa." With a red, white, and blue ribbon tied about

his neck the young eagle was sworn into the service amid the laughter and jokes of the boys of Company C.

The bird was now taken to Madison, the capital of the state. While Company C was marching into camp with colors flying, drums beating, and the people cheering, the eagle at first sat quiet on his perch; but when the company passed across the parade grounds, he began to get excited; he seized with his beak one end of the flag floating over his head and began to flap his wings.

The men of the 8th Wisconsin shouted and cheered. "The eagle of freedom forever, the bird of Columbia! Hurrah, boys! we will carry him to the front." They named him Old Abe, and the regiment was afterwards known as the "eagle" regiment.

The 8th Wisconsin was soon under orders to go to the front. Old Abe and his regiment were everywhere greeted with delight. At St. Louis a man offered five hundred dollars for the bird. Another man from Illinois

offered to give his farm for him. At La Crosse two hundred dollars were offered.

"No," said the commanding officer; "the eagle belongs to the company. No money can buy him."

During the three years that the regiment was in service, Old Abe was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. He had many fights with guinea hens, and often raced with the negroes.

In the morning he would fly away to the river, half a mile from camp, splash and play in the water, and return to camp when his bath was over.

He was fond of a dog named Frank that belonged to the regiment, and would listen for his bark in the woods. When the dog returned from his hunt, Old Abe would rustle his wings and coax him with a low chuckle to share his game with him. He did not like hardtack, and now and then would steal a chicken.

He received his rations from the commis-

sary just as if he were a soldier. If fresh meat was scarce, he would go on a foraging trip. He might be gone two or three days, but would usually return with a lamb or chicken in his talons. However far he flew in search of food, on his return he was never known to alight save in his own regiment and among his own men.

When surprised, he whistled sharply. His scream during a battle was a trill of five or six notes. He was fond of music, especially "Yankee Doodle" and "Old Hundred." On parade he always gave heed to "Attention"; with his eye on the colonel of the regiment he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After a parade he would put off the air of a soldier, flap his wings, and make himself at home.

Old Abe was in more than a score of battles and fully as many skirmishes. His regiment was never defeated. Not one of its standard bearers was ever shot down. Once or twice the eagle was hit by a spent bullet, and lost

a feather or two. As the battle grew hotter and hotter, he would flap his wings, jumping up and down on his perch, and shriek his war cry with such wild, fearful notes as only an eagle can utter. With head erect, he faced the whizzing bullets and crashing shells with no signs of fear.

General Price of the Confederate army gave orders to his men to capture the eagle. He said he had rather get him than a dozen battle flags.

At last the war came to an end, and the Wisconsin 8th, with its eagle and its torn and battle-stained flag, went back to Madison. The regiment had gone out to the war a thousand strong, and returned a little band, scarred and worn. Old Abe was presented to the State of Wisconsin. The governor accepted the gift, and provided quarters in the basement of the beautiful capitol. The bird's attendant was one of the soldiers who had carried him during the war.

Old Abe's services for his country, however,

did not end here. At the great fair in Chicago, in 1875, he was an honored guest at the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. Thousands of photographs of the old eagle were sold for the benefit of poor and sick soldiers.

At the centennial celebration in Philadelphia, in 1876, Old Abe occupied a prominent place. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the country paid their respects to him.

In 1881, surrounded by his comrades, Old Abe died in the arms of his keeper. The eagle was then stuffed and kept on exhibition in the capitol. A few years ago a fire took place, and in the words of a veteran and comrade of Old Abe, "The mortal remains of our immortal bird were utterly consumed."

XXVIII

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

"'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

OUR national flag is often called the star-spangled banner. The thirteen stripes stand for the thirteen original colonies. There is a star for every state. The red of the flag says, "Be brave;" the white says, "Be pure and good;" the blue says, "Be true." When we look at the flag of our nation, let us think of these three beautiful words: *Bravery, Goodness, Truth.*

The words at the beginning of our story are from that stirring song called "The Star-Spangled Banner," written by Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore. During our second war with England, a hundred

years ago, the British had taken the city of Washington and burned the public buildings. They now made ready to capture Baltimore. While the British fleet was at anchor in Chesapeake Bay, below Baltimore, the young lawyer was allowed to row out to the flagship of the fleet to visit a friend who had been captured and was held as a prisoner.

With Key still on board, the British fleet sailed up Chesapeake Bay. Alarm guns were fired and signal fires lighted along the shore to warn the people of the coming of the enemy. Household goods were hastily thrown into farm wagons and wheelbarrows, and hurried away into the country. The water of the bay was so shallow, however, that the British vessel could not get within range of Baltimore.

"We will bombard the forts first," said the British admiral; "we can batter them down in a few hours and then march up and take the city."

The chief protection of Baltimore was Fort

McHenry. If this were taken, the city was doomed. All day long the British fleet hurled shot and shell into the fortification.

"Baltimore is safe so long as the fort holds out," said Key to himself.

The young lawyer now found himself in an unpleasant situation. The British admiral would not allow him to leave the warship.

"You must stay on board until we take the city."

Key made the best of it. He quietly watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry. After dark he paced the deck, excited and anxious. By the light of the blazing cannon and the bursting shells he saw that the flag still waved over the fort.

At midnight the firing suddenly stopped.

"Has the fort surrendered? Oh, if daylight would only come!"

At last came the gray of the dawn. He strained his eyes to catch a glimpse through the early morning mist.

"Thank God! our flag is still there," he

cried when the Stars and Stripes floated out on the morning breeze; "the fort holds out. Baltimore is safe."

In his joy and excitement the young man took an old letter from his pocket and on its back wrote in pencil the words of the song.

At sunrise the British gave up the attack on Fort McHenry. The warships were soon sailing down Chesapeake Bay. Baltimore was safe.

During the same morning Key was allowed to go home. He made a copy of his song and gave it to a friend. This friend had it printed as a handbill and scattered through the city.

"Hear this, hear this, you people, and tell me what you think of it. Let me read it to you, and see if it does not stir your blood," shouted a young man, rushing into the living room of a tavern. He mounted a chair and with ringing voice read the verses to a crowd of patriots celebrating the failure of the British to capture their city.

"Sing it. Sing it. Let us hear how it sounds," cried his companions.

He started the words to an old and favorite tune, and all joined him.

The public eagerly took up the new song. It was sung in the taverns, the theaters, everywhere. It spread like magic all over the country. For a hundred years the good old tune and its thrilling words have stirred the minds and hearts of our people.

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust,'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

XXIX

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY

HOW dear to the hearts of our people Memorial Day is! Its story is sad and pathetic, although even to the white-headed soldier the dreadful war seems like a dream out of the distant past.

The day is given over to the memory of those brave men who fifty years ago fought and died in the Civil War: the boys in blue, led by Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan; and the boys in gray, under the command of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Longstreet.

The celebration of this day began a good many years ago, in the South. A few sad-faced women met each year to scatter flowers on the graves of their soldiers. Little by

little the day began to be observed in the North as well as in the South. And now May 30, Memorial Day, is set apart all over our land as a glorious but pathetic reminder of those who gave their lives for their cause.

With each year the custom has grown to decorate the graves not only of the soldiers, but also of all our dead.

> "Bring flowers to strew again
> With fragrant purple rain
> Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
> The dwellings of our dead."

The flag is at half-mast. Here with feeble steps grizzled heroes march in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, escorted by young soldiers in showy uniforms. Now comes a line of schoolgirls dressed in white. All have their flowers; all turn their steps toward the cemetery. After the few simple words of the Grand Army ritual, the flowers are scattered where the soldiers lie buried, the graves being marked by tiny flags.

" Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray."

To the stirring music of the band the little procession marches home. Here and there a few women and children linger at the grave of some loved one who has passed away since the last Memorial Day. Bunches of roses and lilacs are tenderly put on the freshly turned sod. Then God's acre takes on its usual quiet.

The lesson of the day should sink into our hearts; and the passing years should deepen our reverence for those brave men who for our sakes gave the best they had to give.

" Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave.
Let the bells toll and wild war music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past,
Of all those memories vast,
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell.

Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead."

APPENDIX

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND READING IN THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

This book is intended to serve as a convenient basis for more extended work on the part of both teacher and pupils. It should be used either before the formal textbook on American history is begun, or may be read in connection with it. Hence, to the study of the preceding chapters should be added a more or less extended course in supplementary reading.

The following plan is suggested, which may be readily modified to meet the needs of any particular grade or class of pupils:

1. Reference Books for Teachers of American History

Channing and Hart's *Guide to American History* ($2.00) is of special value to teachers. This book is replete with suggestions, hints, and helps on collateral study, with numerous references, detailed lists of topics, and a wide range of other subjects.

The subject of reference books on American history is well treated in Montgomery's *American History* (see "Short List of Books," in Appendix), and Fiske's *History of the United States* (see Appendix).

For brief extracts from documents and from original ma-

terials pertaining to the Colonial period and the Revolution, admirably edited for school use, consult Hart's "Source-Readers in American History:" No. 1, *Colonial Children* (40 cts.); No. 2, *Camps and Firesides of the Revolution* (50 cts.); No. 3, *How our Grandfathers Lived* (60 cts.).

The Introductions in these three books are suggestive and of practical value to teachers of history.

For a study of a few great epochs of history, identical in point of time with the epochs of our own history as a land and as a people, the teacher may consult Mann's *America in its Relation to the Great Epochs of History* ($1.00).

Historical Sources in Schools, A Report to the New England History Teachers' Association by a Select Committee, Part V, American History (60 cts.), is useful in advance work.

2. School Textbooks for Reading and Reference

Teachers and pupils should have easy access, by means of the public or school library, or otherwise, to one or more of the formal school textbooks on American history. These books are useful for additional topics, for dates, maps, illustrations, reference tables, and for filling in subjects which do not come within the scope of this book. In connection with this book, especially in advanced work, Mace's *School History of the United States* ($1.00), Gordy's *History of the United States* ($1.00), Thwaites and Kendall's *History of the United States* ($1.00), Elson's *School History of the United States* (90 cts.), Larned's *History of the United States* ($1.40), Montgomery's *Leading Facts of American History* ($1.00), McMaster's *Brief History of the United States* ($1.00), Fiske's *History of the United States* ($1.00), Lawler's *Essentials of American History* ($1.00), Channing's *Short History of the*

United States ($1.00), Morris's *History of the United States* ($1.00), Eggleston's *New Century History of the United States* ($1.00), and Barnes's *School History of the United States* ($1.00) are recommended.

If less difficult and smaller textbooks are desirable, the following books are recommended: Gordy's *Elementary History of the United States* (65 cts.), Thorpe's *School History of the United States* (80 cts.), Channing's *First Lessons in United States History* (60 cts.), Montgomery's *Beginner's American History* (60 cts.), Morris's *Primary History of the United States* (60 cts.), Tappan's *Our Country's Story* (65 cts.), Montgomery's *Elementary American History* (75 cts.), Blaisdell's *Story of American History* (60 cts.), Barnes's *Elementary History of the United States* (60 cts.), and Eggleston's *First Book in American History* (60 cts.).

3. Elementary Books for Supplementary Reading

Teachers and pupils should also have quick reference to a few inexpensive supplementary reading books from which topics may be read by the pupil, or from which may be read sparingly passages indicated by the teacher. Read the designated works, not as a whole, but by topics or by selections.

The following books are recommended for supplementary reading in connection with this book. They have been written by competent people and in an interesting style. If wisely used they will do much to awaken and maintain a lively interest in American history.

McMurry's *Pioneer History Stories,* three books (40 cts. each).

First Book. *Pioneers on Land and Sea.*

Second Book. *Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley.*

Third Book. *Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West.*

Hodgdon's *First Course in American History,* two books (65 cts. each).

Book I. *Discoverers, Explorers, and Colonists.*

Book II. *The National Period.*

Southworth's *Builders of Our Country,* two books (60 cts. each).

Blaisdell's *Story of American History* (60 cts.).

Blaisdell and Ball's *Hero Stories from American History* (50 cts.).

Blaisdell and Ball's *Short Stories from American History* (40 cts.).

Blaisdell and Ball's *American History Story-Book* (50 cts.).

Tappan's *American Hero Stories* (55 cts.).

Tappan's *Our Country's Story* (65 cts.).

Montgomery's *Beginner's American History* (60 cts.).

Montgomery's *Elementary American History* (75 cts.).

Barnes's *Elementary History of the United States* (60 cts.).

Century Readings in United States History, 6 volumes (50 cts. each).

Dodge's *Stories of American History* (30 cts.).

Fassett's *Colonial Life in New Hampshire* (60 cts.).

Gordy's *Colonial Days* (50 cts.).

Gordy's *American Leaders and Heroes* (60 cts.).

Gordy's *American Explorers* (50 cts.).

Eggleston's *First Book in American History* (60 cts.).

Morris's *Primary History of the United States* (60 cts.).

Roosevelt's *Stories of the Great West* (60 cts.).

To show how some of the preceding books may be utilized by the teacher or pupil in the study of "Columbus," the

first chapter in this book, we give below some of the best passages which may be used in the classroom to illustrate this topic.

Columbus, the Wool-combers' Boy

McMurry's *Pioneer History Stories,* Book I, page 122; Hodgdon's *First Course in American History,* Book I, p. 20; Southworth's *Builders of Our Country,* Book I, p. 24; Blaisdell's *Story of American History,* p. 10; Barnes's *Elementary History,* p. 7; Montgomery's *A Beginner's American History,* p. 1; Montgomery's *Elementary American History,* p. 1; Gordy's *American Leaders and Heroes,* p. 1; Eggleston's *First Book in American History,* p. 1; Tappan's *Our Country's Story,* p. 1; Tappan's *American Hero Stories,* p. 1; Morris's *Primary History of the United States,* p. 9.

4. Home Reading

While engaged in the study of this book pupils should limit their home reading to such books and selections as bear directly on the subject. Under this head teachers may suggest books which belong to the story-book order. Wholesome books of fiction and semifiction may certainly do much to stimulate and hold the attention of young students. Thus, Churchill's *Richard Carvel* and Cooper's *Pilot* furnish stirring scenes in the career of Paul Jones. Read selections from Cooper's *The Spy* for an account of a stirring period of the Revolution and from Beecher's *Norwood* for a graphic description of the Battle of Gettysburg. In the home reading, as in all other collateral reading, the teacher should exercise a careful supervision.

Stories based on historical facts, which may help to

make more vivid to young pupils of to-day the perils and hardships endured by their forefathers in the settlement of this country, may be found in two series by Mary P. Wells Smith. The four books of the first series, "The Young Puritan Series," are *The Young Puritans of Old Hadley* ($1.25), *The Young Puritans in King Philip's War* ($1.25), *The Young Puritans in Captivity* ($1.25), *The Young and Old Puritans of Hatfield* ($1.25). The four books of the second series, "The Old Deerfield Series," are *The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield* ($1.25), *The Boy Captive in Canada* ($1.25), *Boys of the Border* ($1.25), *Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven* ($1.25).

The books in the "Stuart Schuyler Series" by John Preston True are among the most satisfactory historical stories written for young people. The four volumes of the series are *Scouting for Washington* ($1.50), *Morgan's Men* ($1.50), *On Guard! Against Tory and Tarleton* ($1.50), *Scouting for Light-Horse Harry* ($1.50).

Selections from the following books may prove instructive and wholesome for home reading in connection with the use of the several books of the historical readers: *The Boys' Parkman* (60 cts.); *The Struggle for a Continent* (Selections from Parkman) ($1.50); Dr. Charles A. Eastman's *Smoky Day's Wigwam Evenings* (Indian Stories Retold) (60 cts.); Gettemy's *True Story of Paul Revere* ($1.50); "Young Heroes of the Navy Series" ($1.00 each): *Farragut; Paul Jones; The Hero of Lake Erie* (Perry); *The Hero of Manila* (Dewey). Coffin's *Boys of '76* ($2.00); *Boys of '61* ($2.00); *Old Times in the Colonies* ($2.00). Brooks's *Century Book of the American Colonies* ($1.50); Brooks's *Century Book of the American Revolution* ($1.50).

The work in history should be enlivened by reading occasionally, before the class or the school, poems which bear directly on the general topic under consideration. For in-

stance, in the appropriate chapters of these historical readers Finch's poem, "Nathan Hale," Simms's "Ballad of King's Mountain," Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," Longfellow's "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Joaquim Miller's "Columbus," Thackeray's "Pocahontas," Mrs. Hemans's "Landing of the Pilgrims," Whittier's "Lexington," Bryant's "The Twenty-second of February," Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" (Death of Lincoln), Holmes's "Old Ironsides," "Freedom, our Queen," "God Save the Flag," and "The Battle of Bunker Hill" may be useful for home reading, school declamation, or reading in concert.

5. Hints on the Use of a Notebook

Teacher and pupil should appreciate the scope and the usefulness of a notebook. This may be a blank book of a convenient size, of at least forty-eight pages. In it brief notes should be written carefully, with ink, as the several chapters of this book are read or studied.

Make brief notes of the various books read in whole or in part; of topics not treated in this book but discussed in the class, such as "The Treason of Benedict Arnold," "Old Ironsides," "The Visit of Lafayette," "Nathan Hale, the Patriot Spy," and "Israel Putnam."

This notebook should be illustrated with inexpensive reproductions (bought for about one cent each) of famous pictures illustrating important events in American history. Catalogues giving the titles, cost, and other details are frequently advertised.

Pupils should become familiar with and use in their notebooks such reproductions as Stuart's "Washington"; Faed's "Washington at Trenton"; Trumbull's "The Surrender

of Cornwallis" and "Signing the Declaration of Independence"; Benjamin West's "Penn's Treaty"; Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware"; Vanderlyn's "The Landing of Columbus"; and Johnson's "Old Ironsides." Many other historical subjects will suggest themselves.

Portraits, maps, facsimiles of documents and autographs, etc., etc., are easily obtained from publishers' catalogues, guidebooks, advertising pages, and secondhand textbooks.

All this illustrative material should be neatly pasted in the notebook at the proper place, with plenty of space for margins. The book will be a pleasant reminder of school days.

A

Æsop, e′sop
Alabama, al-a-bah′ma
Albemarle, al′be-marl
Alexander, al-eg-zan′der
Allegheny, al′e-ga-ny
Allerton, al′er-tun
Amesbury, aims′ber-y
Arabia, a-ra′bi-a
Arlington, ar′ling-tun
Armistead, ar′mis-ted

B

Bahama, ba-ha′ma
Baltimore, bol′ti-more
Bermuda, ber-mu′da
Bimini, bee′mi-nee
Braddock, brad′uk
Buford, bu′ford
Bunyan, bun′yan

C

Cabot, kab′ut
California, kal-i-for′ni-a
Carolina, kar-o-li′na
Charleston, charls′tun
Cherokee, cher-o-ke′
Chesapeake, ches′a-peek
Chicago, shi-kah′go
Chippewa, chip′e-wah
Chittendon, chit′ten-dun
Christopher, kris′to-fer
Columbus, ko-lum′bus
Concord, cong′kord
Connecticut, kon-net′i-kut
Craigie, krāg′y
Crimea, kri-me′a
Cumberland, kum′ber-land

D

Decatur, de-ka′tur
Dorothy, dor′o-thy
Duquesne, doo-kān′

E

Eau Claire, o klār′
Eleanor, el′a-nor
Ethan, e′than
Ewell, u′el (*u* as in *use*)

F

Ferdinand, fer′di-nand
Francisco, fran-sis′ko

G

Gettysburg, get′iz-burg
Gist, jist

H

Haverhill, ha′ver-il

I

Illinois, il-i-noi′
Indiana, in-di-an′a
Isabella, iz-a-bel′a
Isaiah, i-za′yah

K

Kentucky, ken-tuk′y

L

Labrador, lab-ra-dor′
Lexington, lek′sing-tun

M

Madison, mad′i-sun
Massachusetts, mas-a-choo′sets
Massasoit, Mas′-a-soit
McHenry, mak-hen′ry
Merrimac, mer′i-mak
Minnesota, min-e-so′ta
Mississippi, mis-is-sip′y
Munroe, mun-ro′

N

Narragansett, nar-a-gan′set
Nolichucky, nol′i-chuk-y

O

Orleans, or′le-anz

P

Panama, pan-a-mah′
Plymouth, plim′uth
Pocahontas, po-ka-hon′tas
Ponce de León, pon′thā dā lā-ōn′, *or* pons de le′un
Porto Rico, pōr′to re′ko
Potomac, po-to′mak
Powhatan, pow-ha-tan′
Provincetown, prov′ins-town

R

Raleigh, raw′ly
Revere, re-vēr′
Reynolds, ren′ulz
Roanoke, ro′a-noke
Robertson, rob′ert-sun
Roxbury, rox′ber-y
Russian, rush′an

S

Sacramento, sak-ra-men′to
St. Louis, saint loo′is
Samoset, sam′o-set
Sebastian, se-bas′chan
Sevier, se-vēr′
Shawnee, shaw-ne′
Shenandoah, shen-an-do′a
Sheridan, sher′i-dan
Somerset, sum′er-set
Somerville, sum′er-vil
Spaniard, span′yard
Squanto, skwon′to
Susquehanna, sus-kwe-han′a

T

Tecumseh, te-kum′seh
Tennessee, ten-es-se′
Thames, temz
Tippecanoe, tip-e-ca-noo′

W

Watauga, wah-tah′ga